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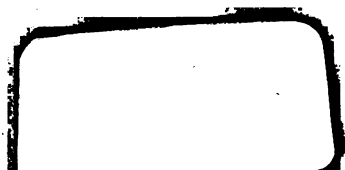
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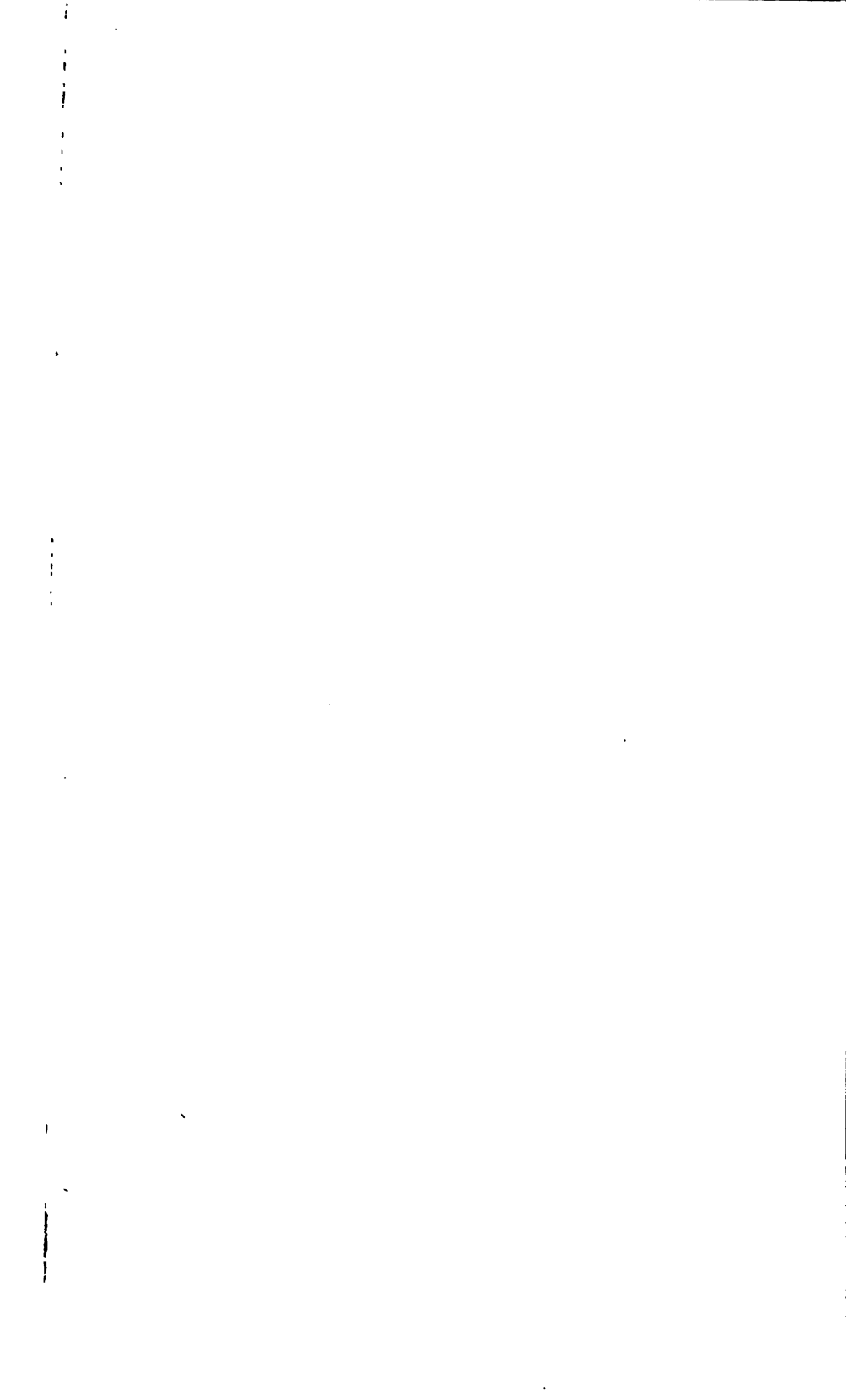
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Sketches in Verse.



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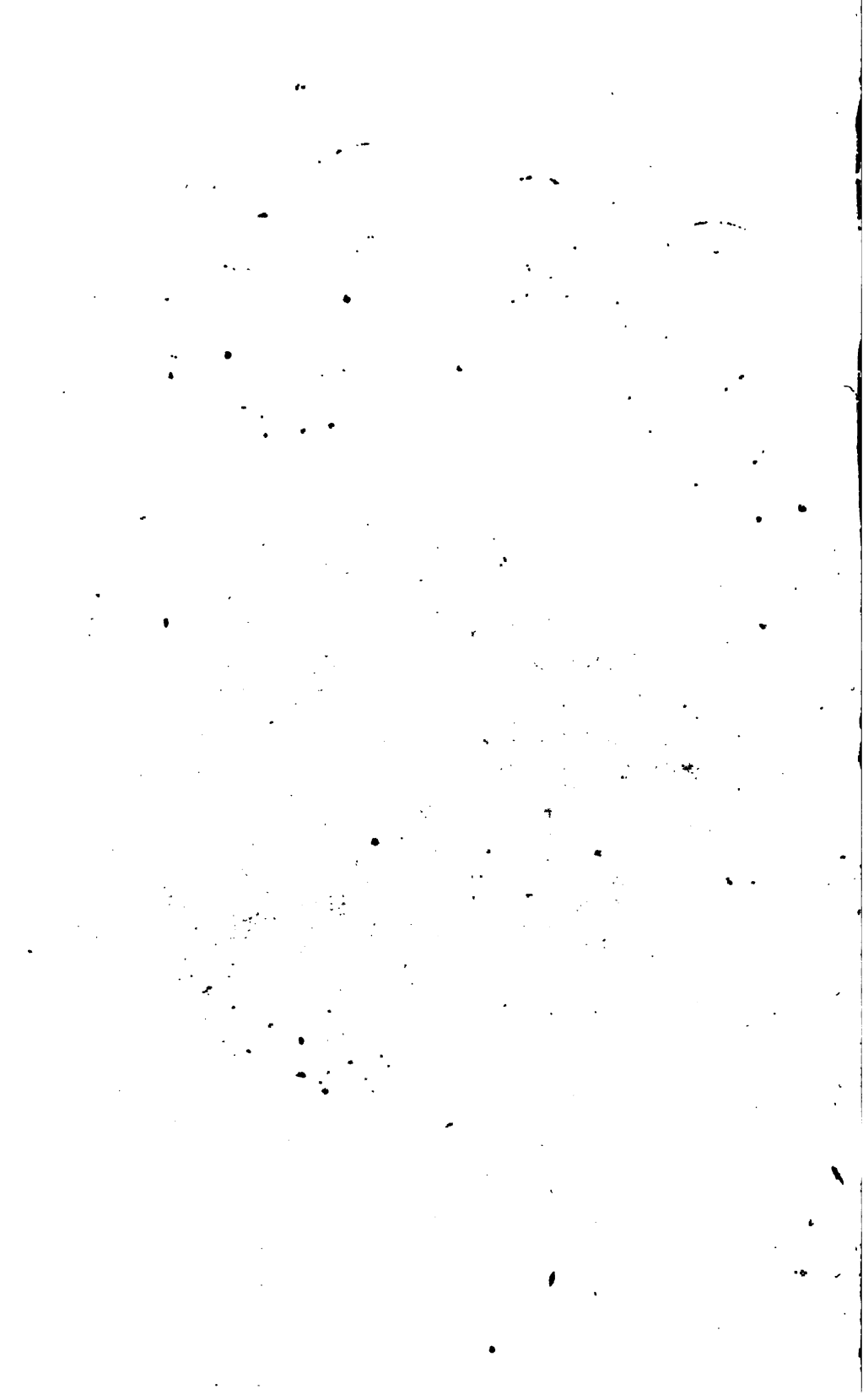
QUAERE MODOS LEVIORE PLECTRO.

Sketches in Verse.



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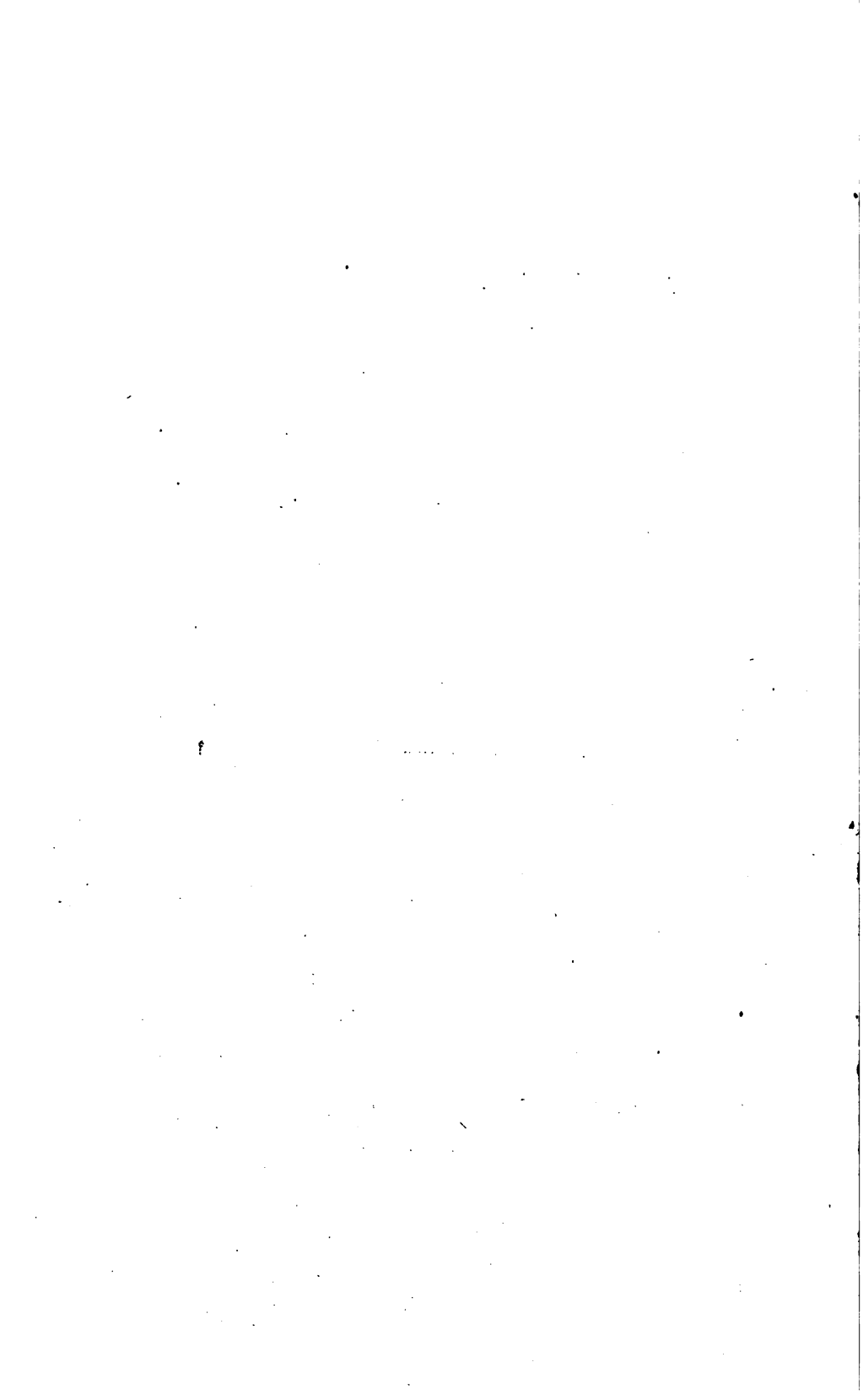
SKETCHES IN VERSE.

Mecum.....
Quære modos levioræ plectra.

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PREFACE.

MOST of the following "Sketches" have already appeared in The Port Folio; but as the former volumes of that Literary Journal are out of print, I have connected them in this form. The author, who loves the sylvan life, and courts Retirement, rather than Observation, shrunk, with no affected coyness, from the project of publishing these little poems, which were written merely to beguile "Time's tediousness," and, generally, in a humour so perfectly careless, that when he took up the pen, he knew not whether a stanza to Love, or a

sonnet to Indifference would be the consequence. As my opinion of their merit differs from his, I take this method to get the criticks to decide between us. His sentiments of them will be best seen by the following letter to

THE EDITOR.

TO JOSEPH DENNIE, ESQ.

DEAR DENNIE,

I SUBMIT the propriety of collecting the poetick trifles, which you mention, entirely to your own judgment; notwithstanding my assurance, that you will suffer it, in this instance, as you do in every thing which affects their author, to be biassed by your friendship. It wears no favourable appearance to have scribbled so many verses; but there are hours, in which the mind is in such a half active, half listless state, that if we have no friend by us to interest, nor book to amuse, it will recline

itself upon any thing, rather than bear “the pains and penalties of idleness.” At such times, and when, as Dr. YOUNG says,

Perhaps a title had my fancy hit,
Or a quaint motto, which I thought had wit,

the most of them were written. If you really think them worthy of publication, they should have some very modest title; perhaps *Sketches* in Verse might do, as they are, at best, but a kind of chalk drawings. Your favourite, HORACE, could supply a motto, in the two last lines of his first Ode to Asinius Pollio, omitting the *Dionaeo sub antro*.

To the publication of the volume, however, I will consent only on the condition that it be addressed to you, as a trifling mark of my affection.

R. H. R.

SKETCHES IN VERSE.

THE STYLE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY IMITATED.

If heavenlie beautye may thy passion move,
If gentle courtesie can charme thy mynde,
Let not thine eyes e'er stray to her I love ;
O liste not to her wordes moste swete and kynde !
Though swete and kynde her wordes, and voide
of arte,
Yet colde Indifference dwelleth in her hearte.

Dost thou admire a looke both bryghte and meke?
 The starre of eve beames in her modeste eye:
 Lov'st thou the rose?—'tis on her blushynge
 cheke,

And lendes its honied fragrance to her sigh.
 Alas! that she should sigh my payne to see,
 Yet still escape from Love's captivity!

Where, where can I, to shunne the archer's aime,
 Flie from those charmes that have my peace un-
 donne?

To Wisdome's page?—No! Wisdome fannes my
 flame,

And Vertue sayes, thy JANE and I are one—
 Ah me! that hopelesse I am doomde to pyne,
 To see those swetes, yet may not call them myne!

OBERON TO TITANIA.

I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
 Where oxlip and the nodding violet grows,
 Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
 With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine;
 There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
 Lull'd in those flowers with dances and delight.

Midsummer-Night's Dream.

THE humblebee hath homeward sped,
 Long since, to rest from toil till morn;
 The merry bat hath left his bed,
 The shard-borne beetle blown his horn.

Bright Phœbe now, in solemn state,
 Casts her light mantle on the grove,
 Where elfin bands expecting wait
 To hail the festal rites of love.

Blithe Puck hath chas'd the dew's away,
 Except some drops to gem the flowers,
 Which scatter fragrance on the way
 That winds among the fairy bowers.

Nor is a sacred place forgot,
 Where no rude fairy dares intrude;
 For thee, sweet love, I've deck'd a grot,
 Embosom'd deep within the wood.

With myrtle leaves its floor is spread,
 The emblems of my faithful vow;
 The musk rose blushes o'er our bed—
 Yet where, Titania, where art thou?

The *shard-borne* beetle.]

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hum
 Hath rung night's yawning peal.

SHAKESPEARE.

Casts her *light mantle*.]

— The moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her *silver mantle* threw.

Par. Lost.

This is finely in opposition to SHAKSPEARE'S
"blanket of the dark," which the lady is
unwilling that heaven shall "peep through."
See *Macbeth*.

According to HORACE, Venus and the
Graces love to sport "all in the moony
light:"

Jam Cytherea choros ducit Venus, *imminente Luna*:
Junctaeque nymphis Gratiae decentes,
Alternò terram quatiant pede.

But, probably, some persons may object to
this dance, as being rather too wanton:

— For the Graces, and 'tis scandalous,
Go mother-naked.

FROM

STEPHANUS FORCATULUS.

Emersam ex undis Venerem cur pingis Apelles? &c.

AND was it you, Apelles, you,
Who thus the Cyprian goddess drew?
And to the canvas, breathing, warm,
Imparted a more heavenly form
Emerging from old ocean's wave,
Than ever poet's fancy gave?
O ne'er could ocean's wide domain
That store of heavenly charms contain!
Ne'er could his briny waters cold,
That warm and blushing beauty hold!

No, it was from the foaming stream,
Which sparkles like the solar beam,
And in my brimming goblet flows,
The wanton queen of love arose:
And thence, yes, thence it was, she stole
Her maddening influence o'er my soul.

I do not know that there is much similarity between them, but while writing the following Sonnet, that Spanish one suggested itself to me, which begins:

Un Soneto me manda hazer Violante,

and which VOITURE has translated:

Ma foi, c'est fait de moi, car Isabeau

M'a conjuré de lui faire un rondeau, &c.

You will judge whether the idea of mine be stolen or not. I think not; but the point is scarcely worth contesting.

INSTRUCTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS.

WHAT! you would write a Sonnet!—sit you down,
 And take your pen, no matter for the theme,
 So it be dull and sad—a waking dream;
 And, careless of the peevish Muse's frown,

Run stanza into stanza. Break your lines,
And form them that the first and fourth
may chime,
And to the third the second be the rhyme.
Oft introduce a colon: but when shines
A gleam of passion, never then neglect
A note of admiration, and an Oh!
For thus you will display a deal of wo,
And to your Sonnet give a fine effect.
Then lug two limping lines in, at the close,
And swear 'tis thus the great PETRARCHA'S
metre flows.

TO A BELLE.

My wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes.

Love's Labour Lost.

WHILE fluttering beaux around you sigh,
 And, simpering, swear their love is true;
 Say of those eyes you robb'd the sky,
 And from Aurora stole her hue;

And talk of snow, and flames, and darts,
 Ecstatick love, and torturing pain,
 And turtle doves, and bleeding hearts,
 And charms that might make Venus vain;

I, lady, if I must express

My passion, to be understood,

Think you no goddess—nay, confess

I love you more as flesh and blood.

THE little winged god is obliged to undergo many metamorphoses. COWLEY, in one place, makes him a husbandman:

Love does on both her lips forever stray,
And *sows* and *reaps* a thousand kisses there.

This might be tolerated, as his mistress is spoken of as a quantity of corn:

Thou now one *heap* of beauty art.

But he can never be pardoned for converting him into an abominable apothecary:

Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak for purging grow.

He must, indeed, have had the "quotidian of love upon him," with a vengeance.

“Your true *lovyer*” (as the learned Mrs. GLASSE instructs us of a welch-rabbit) must be served up hot, or he is good for nothing. P. FRANCIUS says:

Aestuat intus,
Et mea nescio quis viscera torret amor.

And HERCULES STROZA bawls out, as if poor Cupid was a perfect incendiary:

Uror, io, saevas, remove, puer improbe! flammas;
Uror, &c.

The best remedy for a person in such a situation, would be, to bring another, of a different description, in contact with him; as, for example, the following, who, I think, would very quickly extinguish his flames:

In fontes abeunt oculi, sensimque liquescit
Corpus, et humectat lacrymarum pascua rivo.
Supremum, ô Amarylli, vale; vale, ô Amarylli.

**Ille tuus quondam pastor, tuus ardor Alexis
Flumen crit: tuus in flumen mutatur Alexis.**

**With an infinite number of these beautiful
examples before me, I have endeavoured to
indite a few**

STANZAS,

**IN IMITATION OF THE MOST APPROVED WRITERS
OF LOVE-VERSES.**

**I' ho d'amara dolcezza il mio cor pieno,
Come amor vuole, e d' un dolce veneno.**

LORENZO DE' MEDICI.

**O LOVE! thou source of each delight,
Which mortal bosoms know,
What raptures live within thy sight!
From thee what transports flow!**

And yet, too oft the potent dart
 From thee envenom'd flies;
 Too often, from a tender heart,
 The wretched lover dies.

Thus, with my Delia's presence blest,
 I feel an anxious care;
 And, sighing, seek in vain for rest,
 When absent from the fair.

Yet, from thy soul-encircling chain
 May I be never free!
 But always bear thy pleasing pain,
 Thy blissful agony!!

Absurd as all this is, it is very probable
 that one half of the readers of poetry would
 consider it as a fine address to the divinity

of Love. I know not what the amatory poets would do without their agonizing bliss and blissful agony, the *dolcezza amarissime d'amore*, on which they “doleful changes ring” with so much grace and effect; and which is, almost literally, their “meat, fire, and clothes,” and “meat, clothes, and fire.”

The Italians have an old proverb, somewhat different from the general spirit of their nation, and worse than SHAKSPEARE’S opinion that the lunatick and lover are much alike: *Un vero amante è un vero pazzo*. And MOLIERE has the same sentiment in his *Tartuffe*: *A vous dire le vrai, les amans sont bien fous!* But in some other part of his works he explains this; for he declares, as becomes a Frenchman: *Les plus sages sont ceux qui sont les plus fous*.

SHAKSPEARE makes Romeo exclaim of love:

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!

Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health!

* * *

What is it else?—a madness most discreet,

A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

BONEFONIUS, in his *Basium* beginning *Salve melque meum, atque amaritudo*, amuses himself with a long strain of antitheses. And, in like manner, BUCHANAN mentions the effects of love:

Sic mentem mala pestis occupavit,

Ut sit nectare suavius venenum,

Vita mors potior, labor quiete,

Sanitate furor, salute morbus.

A PASTORAL LOVE-DITTY.

This is the right Butterwoman's rate to market.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE Schuylkill o'er his rocky bed
 Roars, like a bull in battle,
 In neat log-cabin lives a maid,
 Who tends her father's cattle;
 With ev'ry charm of form and face,
 Young, handsome, gay, and witty,
 She weekly rides, with wond'rous grace!
 With butter to the city.

Her churns and pails, scour'd white as snow,
Are plac'd upon the dresser,
And pewter plates, in many a row,
Where you might see your face, Sir:
She'll raise the haycock on the mead,
Or toss it out, so pretty;
Or, mounted on old Gray, will speed
With butter to the city.

To see her panting o'er her churn,
With charms so flush'd and glowing,
Would make a hermit's bosom burn,
His frozen blood set flowing:
But all the lads their art have tried,
In vain, to move her pity;
She jeers, then mounts old Gray, to ride
With butter to the city.

Ah me! though us'd to stir my stumps,
 My cart I scarce can follow,
 While, sharing in his master's dumps,
 Not Dobbin minds my *hollo!*
 O! could I make this lass my bride,
 Could I but marry Kitty,
 Together in my cart, we'd ride
 With butter to the city!

Where *Schuylkill*, &c.]

Our American names, although some of
 them are truly savage, are not much worse
 than many of those with which we might be
 furnished by other nations in abundance;
 and Schuylkill would not have offended the
 ears of BOILEAU more than the Whal and
 the Leck, the Issel and the Zuiderzee, if we

may judge from the following lines in his fourth epistle to the King:

En vain pour te louer ma Muse toujours prête
 Vingt fois de la Hollande a tenté la conquête :
 Ce pays, où cent murs n'ont pu te résister,
 Grand Roi, n'est pas en vers si facile à dompter.
 Des villes que tu prends les noms durs et barbares
 N'offrent de toutes parts que syllabes bizarres;
 Et, l'oreille effrayée, il faut depuis l'Issel,
 Pour trouver un beau mot courir jusqu'au Tessel.
 Oui, partout de son nom chaque place munie
 Tient bon contre le vers, en détruit l'harmonie.
 Et qui peut sans frémir aborder Woërden?
 Quel vers ne tomberait au seul nom de Heusden?
 Quelle Muse à rimer en tous lieux disposée
 Oserait approcher des bords du Zuiderzée?
 Comment en vers heureux assiéger Doësbourg,
 Zutphen, Wageninghen, Harderwic, Knotzembourg?
 Il n'est fort, entre ceux que tu prends par centaines,
 Qui ne puisse arrêter un rimeur six semaines:
 Et partout sur le Whal, ainsi que sur le Leck,
 Le vers est en déroute, et le poëte à sec.

We could, perhaps, in a case of absolute necessity, obtain from our good State, a list

of names that would give a rhymers six weeks labour. On looking over the map will be found Chincleclamoose, Yoxioghenny, Kiskeminetas, Mohulbuctitum, Koshanuadeago, Caweeneindah, Tushanushagota, and an *et caetera of sesquipedalia verba*, to form a

Language which Boreas might to Auster hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

It is to be hoped, however, that our fellow-citizens will not laugh at poor Pennsylvania, while they have among them, to the Eastward, such places as Pog, Putchog, Potakunk, and Pogwunk; and to the Southward, Pamunkey, Piankatank, Chickahominy, Currituck, Pedee, Cheraw, Coosee, &c. Any traveller who has done us the honour to come all the way from Europe, to cast his eyes on the deplorable manner, in which

the miserable and half-organised inhabitants of the United States crawl through life, would console us, in the words of one of MILTON's sonnets, with the declaration that

Those rugged names in our like mouths grow sleek,
Which would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.

And that it would be unnecessary for us to prepare ourselves for their articulation, by filing our teeth to the gums, as we are told St. JEROM did, to enable him to pronounce Hebrew.

A PARTING ADDRESS

TO THE

INHABITANTS OF THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

A MONTH I've been upon your shore,
And may I be condemn'd, no more
To know love's soft embraces,
If 'tis not my most ardent prayer,
That I may ne'er have the despair
To view, again, your faces.

A dastard, swindling, lawless race,
Are ye; of nature the disgrace—
At least such I have found you;

Alike to honour lost and fame,
Devoid of virtue, dead to shame,
So fully vice has crown'd you!

Had Justice here fix'd her abode,
From earth of crimes to drive a load,
By thousands she'd have strung you.
For me—the wretch whom most I hate,
I could not wish so curs'd by fate,
As damn'd to live among you.

O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

SHAKESPEARE.

I SWORE I loved, and true I swore,
Then blame me not that you believed me;
Nor, since my fickle passion's o'er,
In anger say that I deceived thee.

I loved thee when I swore I loved,
And thought my love would last forever;
I thought—I who so oft had roved—
I never more could change—no, never!

I wish'd to lay my heart at rest,
Secure from life's tumultuous ocean;
And thought, that on thy gentle breast
It could repose, with sweet emotion.

I know thou'rt good, I know thou'rt kind;
For various ways I've had to prove thee;
Alas! inconstant as the wind,
What would I give I still could love thee!

Oscula, quae Venus
Quinta parte sui nectaris imbuit.

HORACE.

WELL—I have found my heart again,
And now, my fair, we both are free;
How strange that I could bear the chain
So long, and bear it, too, for thee!

Since, said the maid, since we must part,
And love's delusions all are o'er;
Since you have taken back your heart,
And we, perhaps, shall meet no more:

Since here we bid adieu to bliss,
And all our fond delirium ends,
Farewell!—but not without a kiss—
One kiss!—and we will part—as friends.

Ah, wily girl! full well you knew
 What magick hung upon your lip;
 For when the nectar'd draught I drew,
 As bees their honied beverage sip,

Again the stream of liquid fire
 Impetuous pour'd through ev'ry vein;
 My pulses beat with new desire;
 Ah me! my heart was lost again.

For when the *nectar'd draught*, &c.]

JANUS DUZA, speaking of "love's thrice
 reputed nectar," closely imitates the lines
 of HORACE which elicited the preceding
 stanzas:

O suavia grata, nomine et re
 Verè suavia, quae sui ipsa parte
 Quinta nectaris imbuit Dione.

Poets have always enjoyed full liberty to drink whatever nectar and honey they pleased from the lips of their charmers; and it is an article of their creed, that every sweet girl has, like the infant Pindar, a swarm of bees upon her mouth. The amorous LERNUTIUS exclaims, perfectly in style,

Extruite heic cellas, volucres florentis Hymetti,
 Et dominae in roseis mellificate labris:
 Nam quaecunque meae libaverit oscula Hyellae,
 Ultra Cecropias nectar habebit apes.

FORCATULUS compares love to a bee,
Nam spicula melle mixta gerunt: Though
 some churlish husbands may say,

The ungrateful spoilers left their *sting*,
 And with the honey fled away;

and, therefore, endeavour to excuse their
 so seldom seeking for it.

The impassioned JAYADEVA, in the mellifluous language of the great Orientalist, entreats: "O grant me a draught of honey from the lotos of thy mouth! O suffer me to quaff the liquid bliss of those lips!" And SOLOMON says, "Thy lips, O my spouse! drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue."

SANNAZARIUS thus describes the kisses of Nina:

Haec sunt suavia dulciora melle
 Hyblaeo, et Siculae liquore cannae :
 Haec sola ambrosiaeque, nectarisque
 Succos fundere, sola habere possunt.

This *dulciora Siculae liquore cannae* (sweeter than molasses) is exactly conformable to our Yankee taste.

Almost all the modern amatory latinists, when on this subject, are so elevated as to get fairly into the skies. Even that rival of ERASMUS, BUCHANAN, translates thus a Greek epigram, to be found in the Anthologia:

Cum das basia, nectaris, Neaera,
Das mî pocula, das dapes Deorum.

And DUZA becomes so *inebriatus osculis*, that he exclaims:

Pro potu mihi sibila, atque risus,
Et suctae teneris labris *salivae*,
Plenae nectaris, et dapis Deorum.

He surely wanted “an ounce of civet, to sweeten his imagination.”

The multitude of authors who have written in this manner is astonishing; each one

endeavouring to soar beyond all the others, and, truly, many of them have gone so far as to leave poor sense and nature entirely out of sight. SECUNDUS says :

Non dat basia, dat Neaera nectar,
 Dat rores animae suâvè-olentes;
 Dat nardumque, thymumque, cinnamumque;
 Et mel.

This is silly enough to be sure, but not to be compared to DUZA's description of the kisses of Rosilla. As you may not have his work by you, I will transcribe the passage in question :

Non sunt basia quae Rosilla donat,
 Dat Hyblam mihi, dat Rosilla mulsum,
 Atticosque et Hymettios sapes,
 Dat nardi, xylobalsamique succos,
 Auram Corycii croci, recensque
 Rapta succina de manu puellae,

Dat stacten, balanumque, saccharumque,
 Pastillos casiae, atque cinnamomi,
 Thymum, lilia, rosmarisque florem :
 His amaracinum adde, murrhinamque,
 Narcissos, violaria, et roseta,
 Adde et malobathrum, Syrumque olivum,
 Et quantum ambrosiaequae, nectarisque, &c.

Again *the stream*, &c.]

These wonderful effects were, doubtless,
 produced by *animal magnetism*.

My heart *was lost again*.]

ROCHEFOUCAULD says, *Il est impossible d'aimer une seconde fois, ce que l'on a véritablement cessé d'aimer*. But this is only, as M. L'Abbe de LA ROCHE very gravely remarks, *Quand le fondement de la rupture a été juste et solide; mais lorsqu'il n'a été que léger et capricieux, les coeurs les plus éloignés se rapprochent*. Of course, I must suppose

that I had not been perfectly cured; but had merely a slight intermission, and was in that stage of the disease, which is very elegantly called pouting.—ALDINI could inform us how a man might run about without his heart.

This is the right liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity ;
A green goose, a goddess.

SHAKESPEARE.

AH! lovely maiden, do not slight,
A youth whose heart thy charms inflame;
Nor hide those beauties from his sight,
When death and absence are the same.
Ah turn! in pity turn, to see
The youth who sighs—who dies, for thee.

While others for thy smiles implore,
And practise each seductive art,
He offers—he can boast no more,
A simple, but a constant heart.
Ah turn, &c.

If you command him to expire,
Alas! your lover shall obey;
And, proving all his fond desire,
By death his constancy display.
Ah turn! &c.

AMATORY STANZAS

ATTEMPTED IN A VERY SIMPLE STYLE.

TO MOLLY.

MOLLI mollior anseris medullâ!

SECUNDUS.

MOLLI delicatior rosâ!

PONTANUS.

WHY from my bosom bursts the sigh?

Why do I feel this gentle flame?

Why do I often, often try,

But all in vain, its cause to name?

Why is the name of Molly found

Forever in my simple song?

Oh! tell me, why will that loved sound

Forever tremble on my tongue?

Could you but see my constant heart,
And read each thought that's written there,
'Twould to your gentle breast impart
More than my words can e'er declare.

Ah! Molly, do you ever sigh?
Or ever feel a gentle flame?
And ever, dearest Molly, try,
But all in vain, its cause to name?

Credimus, an, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?

VIRGIL.

'Twas at the sultry noontide hour,
 To shun the fervours of the plain,
 When Mary sought her favourite bower,
 And, sweetly pensive, sung this strain:

O haste, my love, to Mary's arms,
 Nor longer from thy mistress rove!
 Nature without thee has no charms—
 O haste to bless thy Mary's love!

Enraptured by the charmer's theme,
 To press her to my breast I flew;
 But, *waking*, found 'twas all a dream,
 And heard nought but the cat cry—*mew!!*

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Go ye, who, rioting amid the sweets
Profusely scattered round you, rashly cry,
While the Circean cup is mantling high,
That Care shall never enter your retreats!
Go, revel in your wine and festive joy,
With hearts as sportive as the summer breeze!
And think your brimming cup can never cloy,
Nor bear a bitter "poison in its lees!"
Go, seize the visions of your fleeting hour!
I quit you for the soul-appalling power,
That rides upon the lowering tempest's wings,
And o'er my fate a dreadful darkness flings.

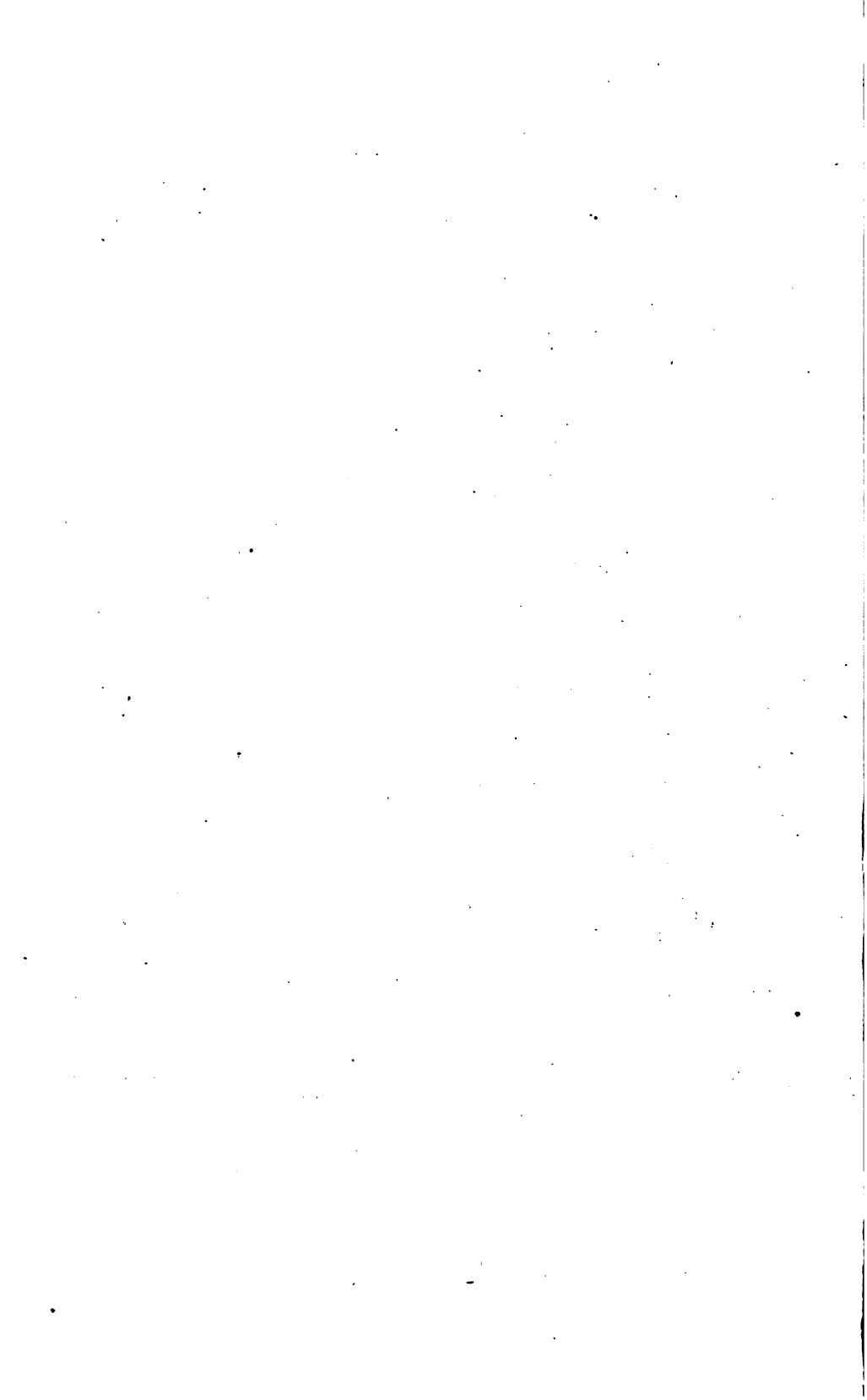
So long have we been mated, fell Despair,
 That now I love thy wild and haggard air,
 And all the Gorgon horrors of thy brow.
 I greet thee, as an old and welcome guest,
 And would not of thy tortures rid my breast
 For all this world can promise. Even now,
 When thou dost point to my distempered view
 The fairy scenes, which, ah! so swiftly flew!
 Where Love and Fancy formed of wastes of
 flowers
 A wilderness of ever-varying bliss,
 Through which, in union linked, the dancing
 hours
 Led me, a willing captive;—and say'st this,
 This dark, cold grave is my sole refuge here—
 Yes, even now, to me thou art more dear
 Than all the joys fantastick mortals prize,



T. Sully del.

G. Murray sc.

So long have we been mated, fell Despair, &c.



As through the mazy paths of life they rove:
For thou dost point the way to meet my love,
The way for which my wearied spirit sighs—
'Tis in a dark, cold grave my heart's lost treasure lies.

Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

I wish I could add,

Torquet ab obscoenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.

THE style of the present day partakes much of the prurient and infantine. Should I be charged with being guilty of the former, I must be allowed to plead, in excuse, the observation of the profound MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS, that it is “greatly advanced and honoured of late, by the encouragement of the ladies:” the latter is when a poet becomes so very simple, as to think and

talk like a child; and which may very properly be termed "the gentle downhill way to the bathos." When they are united, they perfectly form "the bottom, the end, the central point, the *ne plus ultra* of modern poesy." This union is not unhappily exemplified in the French verses, which, for the sake of wishing youths and sighing maidens, I have *done*, or, if I may so term it, *thrown* into English. They are a very excellent imitation of that race of bards, to whose performances the language of Touchstone admirably applies: "I'll rhyme you thus eight years together; dinners, and suppers, and sleeping hours excepted." In the expressions of Colin and Cuddy these gentlemen behold the true simplicity of nature; and a deluge of rhyme, which

they call poetry, composed of a medley of childish and rustick phrases, pours from the Press.

I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad mongers.

FROM THE FRENCH.

L'autre jour Colin malade
Dedans son lit,
D'une grosse maladie
Pensant mourir; &c.

Poor Colin t'other day was sick,
Was very sick upon his bed,
And of his sickness he did think,
Thinks he, it sure will kill me dead.

Then pondered he so 'bout his love,
 He could not sleep a wink for spite;
 But wished, and sighed, and wished again,
 To have his little girl all night.

Then up he got him, ready drest,
 (For lovers don't put off their clothes)
 And at his mistress' chamber door
 He gave three very little blows.

Catin, said he, sweet shepherdess,
 Tell me, O tell, are you asleep?
 The promise, Catin, that you made,
 Say, will you—will you—won't you keep?

Catin, alack-a-day! was frail,
 And up she got, without her clothes,
 (Oh maidens never do ye so!)
 And to the door full quick she goes.

O step, step softly—whisper low,
 My honey sweet, my Colin dear!
 For if my daddy hears, I vow,
 He'll be the death of me, I fear.

Poor Colin stept most tremblingly,
 With careful, cautious, cat-like tread,
 And 'twixt the fair one's snowy arms,
 He gently pillow did his head.

Now, said the swain, I care not for
 The ditch I tumbled in tonight,
 Since I have got within my arms
 My only dear, my heart's delight.

Laws! Catin cried, I hear the lark!
 It sings tit, tit, tit, tit, at dawn;
 Oh! if you will do as you should,
 You'll get you up, and get you gone.

**O step, step softly—whisper low,
My honey sweet, my Colin dear!
For if my daddy hears, I vow,
He'll be the death of me, I fear.**

A LYRICAL BALLAD.

—— 'Tis all,
All very simple, meek simplicity.

It was last night, dear neighbour JOE, ¹
Last night it was, as I may say,
Just when the watchmen lit their lamps,
To make the night like day.

It was last night that I did go
Down Second-street, and near the Dock;
And it might be, but I'm not sure,
Just about eight o'clock.

It was last night that I walked forth, ²
All by myself, down Second-street,
And on the right hand way I went,
The right hand of the street.

I was, besure, in a sweet mood,
And not at all to grief inclined;
Though well we know, that pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind. ³

My walkingstick was in my hand,
And in my hand I held it fast,
I took it in my own right hand,
And so, right on I past. ⁴

I well may hold it lovingly,
For 'tis a right-down honest stick,
And many, many a mile hath been—
'Tis three feet long, and one inch thick. ⁵

Yes, 'tis a right-down honest stick;
In truth I've had the stick so long,
And 'tis so old, 'tis hard to say
That ever it was young. ⁶

So on I went, foot after foot,⁷
Not thinking, onward did I go;
For animals that think, we're told,
Move always rather slow.⁸

And I did meet full many folks
That walked also; and I, alack!
Said, how 'twould take a deal of time
For them all to walk back.

And then I thought of them I met,
Perhaps, indeed, there might be some
Who were not going far away,
And others going home.

And so, thinks I, it may be so,
And on I went, right merrily;
For all the lamps shone bright, and I,
In sooth, was full of glee.

When—how these things will come to pass,
 While we would not dream of the matter!
 Who, in the wonder, should I see,
 But one as like, as like can be,⁹
 To Molly, drawing water.

She had a pitcher in one hand,
 It was—I saw it—made of tin,
 Like those upon the shelf at home,
 So round, and white, and thin.

She stood by them there what-d'ye-calls,
 From which they get the water,
 Like pumps, but yet they are not pumps,¹⁰
 That stand beside the gutter.

Them things like—like—I can't tell what,
 They splash a body so; in fact,
 I think that they are very like
 A mountain cataract.¹¹

Them things that gush, gush, gush so much,¹²

And there, as sure as I'm alive,

By her stood girls, just one, two, three ;

And men, two, three, four, five.¹³

I gazed, and to myself I said,¹⁴

'Tis Molly! Molly, as I live!¹⁵

But how she came there, I'll be hanged

If I a guess could give.

Yet, though there were so many by,

I was not daunted, not at all;

Though, passion! but I thought it strange

To see, just there, our Moll.

And so, I jostled through the crowd,

Though I could scarcely get me through,

And slap'd her on the back, and cried,

"Why, Molly! how d'ye do?"

Oh, neighbour JOE! you would not guess,
 No, I am sure you would not hit
 The truth, if you would guess a month—¹⁶
 It was not Moll abit!

No, 'twas some sulky, crabbed tike,
 Who quickly turned round—ad switch her!
 And whap! she emptied in my face,
 Oh misery! the pitcher.

Well, whap, right in my face it came,
 Or in my mouth, which was as bad,
 And made me sputter, sputter, sputter—¹⁷
 Odds me, I felt like mad!

But what was worse than all the rest,
 At least as bad, and very
 Unkind of them, the men and girls
 To see me mad, got merry.

The girls, I've said, were one, two, three;

Of men, two, three, four, five, I saw,

The former all laughed out te, he!

The latter, haw! haw! haw!

No sooner did they laugh te, he!

Than Dock-street echoed back the sound;

And Second-street replied, haw! haw!

And so it went around.

The one still echoing te, he!

The other echoing haw! haw!

Haw! haw! te, he! haw! haw! te, he!

Te, he! haw! haw! haw! haw!¹⁸

Well, what could I do, neighbour JOE?

To tarry I had no desire;

So I went home my clothes to dry,

To dry them at the fire.

Well, home I went to dry my clothes,
Which didn't make them any better;
For as my coat became more dry,
My shirt, alas! grew wetter. ²⁰

Now wasn't it a wicked thing,
Only because I thought her Moll,
To throw the water in my face?
I don't like it at all.

Yet, may-be, I'd not thought it her,
But for that pitcher made of tin,
Like those upon the shelf at home,
So round, and white, and thin.

As I may be accused of *borrowing*, I
think it better to be beforehand with the
criticks, and acknowledge having taken

some hints from the following passages,
which are to be found in the writings of
the celebrated Mr. W. WORDSWORTH.

¹ A simple child, dear brother Jim.

Vol. 1, p. 110.

² I believe no caviller will object to the
repetition of *last night*, for this not only
makes the circumstance narrated more
certain, but is the true ballad style, witness
the following:

My little boy, which like you more,
I said, and took him *by the arm*, &c.

And tell me, had you rather be,
I said, and held him *by the arm*, &c.

In careless mood he looked at me,
While still I held him *by the arm*, &c.

Ib. p. 107.

And afterwards,

And *five times* did I say to him,
Why? Edward, tell me why?

Ib. p. 108.

³ In that sweet mood, when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

Vol. 1, p. 115.

⁴ And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"

Ib. p. 91.

⁵ I've measur'd it from side to side:
'Tis three feet long, and two feet wide.

⁶ There is a thorn, it looks so old,
In truth you'd find it hard to say
How it could ever have been young,
It looks so old and gray.

Vol. 1, p. 117.

⁷ The horse mov'd on, hoof after hoof.

Vol. 2, p. 51.

⁸ But then he is a horse that thinks,

And when he thinks, his pace is slack.

Vol. 1, p. 157.

⁹ As like as like can be.

Ib. p. 120.

¹⁰ ——— Once again I see

Those hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows.

Vol. 1, p. 202.

¹¹ And foaming like a mountain cataract.

Vol. 2, p. 3.

But what makes this the more wonderful
is, it was a horse that foamed so ex-
cessively.

¹² The owlets hoot, the owlets cur,

And Johnny's lips they burr, burr, burr.

And again,

Burr, burr, how Johnny's lips they burr!

Vol. 1, p. 156.

¹³ And friendish faces, one, two, three.

Ib. p. 142.

This may be termed the numerick style.

There appear to have been specimens of this kind of poetry in SHAKESPEARE'S day, to which he alludes in *Love's Labour Lost*.

Moth. Then I am sure you know how much the gross sum of deuce ace amounts to.

Armado. It doth amount to one more than two:

Moth. Which the base vulgar call *three*.

And BUTLER:

—— His sconce

The leg encounter'd *twice* and *once*.

¹⁴ I gazed, and gazed, and to myself I said.

WORDSW. *Vol. 2, p. 181.*

¹⁵ 'Tis Johnny! Johnny! as I live!

Ib. p. 173.

¹⁶ — I *guess*

The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he.

— We love you well
Joanna! as I *guess*.

¹⁷ That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still.

Vol. 1, p. 85.

¹⁸ I presume no person will object to my echo. Here are five men, and three women, all laughing in chorus; and yet they do not, altogether, make as much noise as has been made by one lady. If any mar-

ried man doubts this assertion, thus I prove it:

When I had gazed perhaps two minutes space,
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
 The ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
 The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again:
 The ancient woman, seated on Helm-crag,
 Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
 And the tall steep of silver How sent forth
 A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone:
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
 Carried the lady's voice—Old Skiddaw blew
 His speaking trumpet;—back out of the clouds
 Of Glamara southward came the voice;
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

Vol. 2, p. 185.

Compare old HOMER's description of the voice of Stentor with this if you can.

¹⁹ And as her mind grew worse and worse,
 Her body it grew better.

Vol. 1, p. 175.

I hope the *nimum ne crede colori* of my moral, in the last stanza, (which, I venture to assert, is perfectly Wordsworthian,) will not be overlooked. Some pseudo critics take the liberty of blaming my lyrical precursor, for not closing all his ballads with sententious and pithy morality, adapted to the capacity of his readers; instead of which, they observe, that this has either not been attempted, or in so very abstruse a manner, as to be entirely beyond their comprehension. I have not the vanity to exclaim, "I also am a Painter," but I console myself with the possibility of being as good as he of Ubeda, mentioned in Don Quixote, who used to write under his pictures—"this is a cock," to prevent its being mistaken for a fox; or at

least equal to those who, as a great wit hath said, "though they cannot hit an eye or a nose, yet are very good at imitating a small-pox, a toad, or a dead herring."

ODE TO MARKET-STREET GUTTER.**A SPECIMEN OF LOCAL DESCRIPTION.**

**O SWEETEST Gutter! though a clown,
I love to see thee running down;
Or mark thee stop awhile, then free
From ice, jog on again, like me:
Or like the lasses whom I meet;
Who, sauntering, stray along the street,
As if they had nowhere to go!
At times, so rapid is thy flow,
That did the cits not wish in vain,
Thou wouldst be in the pumps again.
But, like a pig, whose fates deny
To find again his wonted sty,**

You turn, and stop, and run, and turn,
 Yet ne'er shall find your "native urn."
 How oft has rolled down thy stream
 Things which in song not well would seem,
 Ere scavengers their scrapers plied
 To drag manure from out thy tide,
 Or hydrants bade thy scanty rill
 Desert its banks and cellars fill.

Last thursday morn, so very cold,
 A morn *not* better felt than told,
 Then first, in all its bright array,
 Did I thy "frozen form" survey;
 And, goodness! what a great big steeple!
 What sights of houses! and such people!!
 And then I thought, did I not stutter,
 But verse could, like *some poets*, utter,
 How much I'd praise thee, sweetest Gutter!

TO —.

SHALL Orpheus be forever praised,
Because his lyre a spectre raised,
And you neglected here remain,
Whose *flute* could drive it back again?
Though Pluto wept—so great his skill!
And snakes round Furies' heads grew still;
His spell you'd break, make Pluto roar,
And snakes, entwining, hiss *encore!*

Quantum

Oscula sunt labris nostra morata tuis!

says the love-begone **PROPERTIUS**; and all the modern amatory poets delight to linger on a kiss.

Juvat me mora longa basiorum,

cries **SANNAZARIUS**;

Et modo sint longâ basia ducta morâ,

responds **ETRUSCUS**. **PONTANUS** complains to a cruel girl, that he had scarcely sipped of her lips; and we are not surprised at his wishing to drink a little deeper, since he describes them as *succi plena, tenella, molli-*

cella, &c. In some lines attributed to COR. GALLUS, he asks for "biling kisses,"

Da, columbatim, mitia basia.

And SECUNDUS, who sighs for an everlasting one (*perenne basium*), requests that it may be *gratis non sine morsibus*. This is truly "plucking up kisses by the roots;" and we may reasonably presume, that this gentleman felt before BOILEAU, the propriety of the remark,

C'est peu d'être poëte, il faut être amoureux.

There is surely much affectation and absurdity in expressing in a language foreign to himself, and one which the mistress to whom his poems were addressed could not understand, those sentiments which should be the spontaneous effusions of the

heart. The shortness of the *Basium*, of which the following is a translation, is not its least merit.

FROM JOANNES SECUNDUS.

Da mihi suaviolum (dicebam), blanda puella!

GIVE me, dear girl, one rapturous kiss!
 I cried, and yielding to the bliss
 Your lips met mine—but, ere I drained
 The luscious nectar they contained,
 As one would from an adder start,
 Those lips from mine were forced to part.
 O this is not the way to give
 A kiss, my life!—this bids me live
 Enflamed with wilder ardours—this
 Is but a prelude to a kiss.

SONNET.

REVENGE, infuriate Demon! at thy shrine,
By ruthless passions led, I bend my knee;
I woo thee, monster! meekness I resign,
And place each hope of happiness on thee.

What! shall the savage authours of my pain,
To whom my pangs gave undisguis'd delight,
Shall they exult still, with malignant spite?
No! though my life should flow from ev'ry vein!

Enshroud my soul in thine own stygian gloom!
Teach me to cry, "Evil, be thou my good!"

E'en though it pierce the heart of him for whom
My own would once have pour'd its richest
blood.

For THEE all consequences I defy;
O give me but "to triumph—and to die!"

CATULLI CARMEN AD LESBIAM,

IMITATED.

Quaeris, quot mihi basiationes
Tuac, Lesbia, sint satis, supérque? &c.

“There’s beggary in the love that can be reckoned.”

WOULD you, my sweetest charmer, know
How many kisses to bestow,
Ere I shall cry, no more, no more!
Stop, stop! enough! nay, pray, give o’er?
Count all the strolling belles you meet
On sunday night, in Market-street,
Count every grain of dust which flies,
Enough to put out all the eyes

Of all the booted beaux, who throng
On horseback and in gigs, along
In August heats, through all the ways,
Which lead from Centre-square to Gray's.
Count all the lamps, whose twinkling light
Has witnessed many a stolen 'delight,
From Irishtown to Kensington,
When Night her sooty garb had on.
Count, count all these, and then, my fair,
But not till then, you may declare
How many kisses you discover,
Will satisfy your scorching lover.

TO MRS. —.

I CANNOT say, that, at your birth,
Celestial powers contended
To give a paragon to earth,
And all perfections blended.

I cannot say, like love-sick swain,
Berhyming on his Phillis,
That Flora gave you all her train
Of roses, and of lilies.

I cannot say, with many a wound,
Your eyes, like darts, molest us;
Nor that you Venus sleeping found,
And stole away her cestus.

Nor can I say, though told we ought
By prudence to be guided,
That always o'er each act and thought
Stern Pallas has presided.

But I *can* say, that you may claim
A merit most uncommon!
A heart, which feels the purest flame
Of friendship—though a woman.

ANACREONTIQUE,

FROM THE FRENCH.

Bacche, veni, dulcisque tuis e cornibus uva
Pendeat.

TIBULLUS.

HERE, from toil and trouble free,
Where no cares attack us,
We our song attune to thee,
Bacchus, jolly Bacchus!
Thou canst every bliss bestow,
Banish every sorrow,
And chase far the thought of wo
Dwelling on tomorrow.

And by thee, whose bounty kind
 Gives the magick cluster,
 Beauty, when inspired, we find
 Glow with mellowed lustre:
 See the lightning of her eyes,
 Bosom gently heaving;
 Hear those soft, those witching sighs—
 Say, are they deceiving?

Well may we, thy votaries, love
 Thy ecstatick treasure,
 Which can every care remove,
 Heighten every pleasure:
 And upon our bended knee,
 As becomes our duty,
 We our offering pour to thee,
 Bacchus!—and to Beauty.

EPIGRAM,**FROM BOILEAU.**

Her love is not the hare that I do hunt.

As You Like It.

Ah! Mary, I have lost my heart;

That I'm in love, alas! is true—

Nay, frown not, nor with anger start;

Mary,—I'm not in love with you!

I WAS so much pleased with the prose versions from the Arabick poets, that I attempted to turn some parts of them into rhyme; although I fear with little effect, if compared with the text. Of the Arabick I do not understand a single character; but my ignorance of that language will not be regretted by any one who has read the modulated prose, into which it has been translated, by Sir W. JONES, than which the original itself cannot possess greater charms, though its diction is said to be “easy and simple, yet elegant; the numbers

flowing and musical, and the sentiments wonderfully natural."

FROM LEBEID.

How desolate are the abodes of the fair!

Their stations no more in Minia are seen!
The wild hills of Goul fill my soul with despair,
And the fountains, where often Newara has
been!

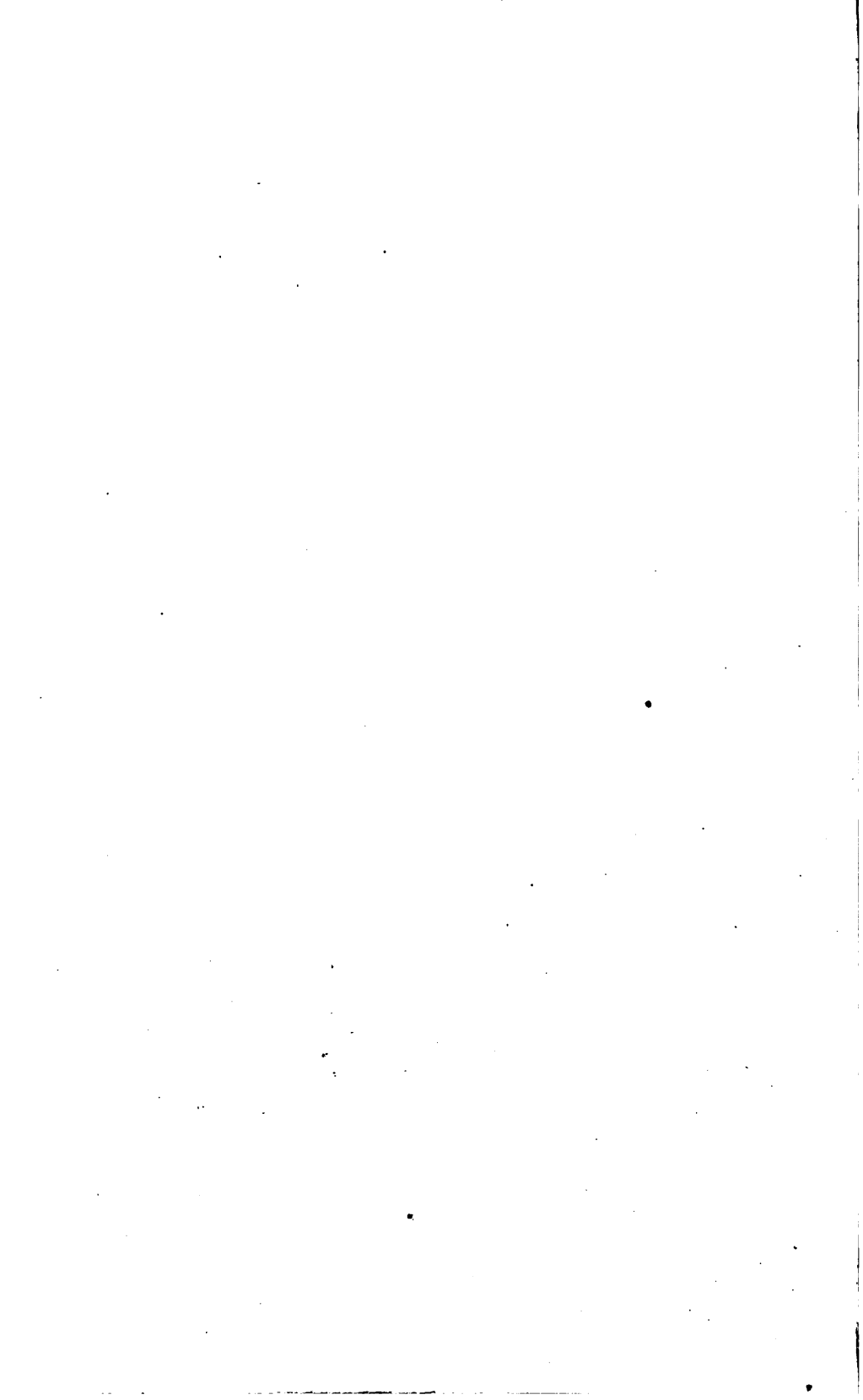
Dear ruins! ah, many a year has passed by,
Since here, with the fair one accustomed to
rove,
The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
And Lebeid exchanged the sweet vows with
his love!



T. Sully pinx.

Lamy sculp.

*Dear ruins! how many a year has pass'd by,
 Since here with the fair one accustomed to rove,
 The glance of affection I caught from her eye,
 And LEBEID exchanged the sweet vows with his love!*



The clouds of the spring have enshrouded the
sky,

The hills of Minia are drenched with the
shower,

The wild grass around waves luxuriantly high,
Where once dwelt Newara, of beauty the
flower.

I stand by the ruins, where waves the wild grass,
I ask—and the tears for loved Newara flow,
Where, where is the faithless one gone?—but,
alas!

The echo alone will reply to my wo.

O hard was the blow, and envenomed the
wound,

Which Perfidy's dagger fixed deep in my
heart,

When, spite of my anguish, with soul-piercing
sound,

The tent of Newara was struck to depart.

But, Lebeid! why dost thou for Newara grieve?

Far distant she dwells—she has left thee to
mourn;

Her vows of affection were made to deceive!

The bonds of your union asunder are torn!

The learned professour, CARLYLE, has, with his usual elegance, translated, into elegiack verse, sixteen stanzas of the poem of LEBEID. I am well aware of the fate which my trifles would meet, in a comparison with the poetry of CARLYLE; but in looking over the prose translation, given by Sir W. JONES, I thought

that more passion might, without impropriety, be introduced into the language of an ardent lover, on his return to the former abode of his fair, but faithless mistress, and finding the scenes of his youthful passion dreary and uninhabited.

In consequence of the wandering life of the Arabians, it frequently happened, that lovers, of different tribes, were separated, by the removal of one or other party, in search of situations abounding in water or pasturage; and this, probably, was the case of **LEBEID** and **NEWARA**. Several of the Arabick poems, said to have been hung up in the temple of Mecca, in their commencement, breathe a strain of lamentation similar to **LEBEID**'s.

“Are these the only traces of the lovely AMMAUFIA? Are these the silent ruins of her mansions in the rough plains of Derraage and Mothatallem?”

Poem of Zehair.

“Stay—let us weep at the remembrance of our beloved, at the sight of the station where her tent was raised, by the edge of yon bending sands between Dahul and Haumel, Tudham and Mikra; a station, the marks of which are not wholly effaced, though the south wind and the north have woven the twisted sands.”

Poem of Amriolkais.

“Hail, dear ruins, with whose possessours I had old engagements; more dreary and more

desolate are you become, after the departure of my beloved."

Poem of Antara.

"The mansion of KHAULA is desolate, and the traces of it on the stony hills of Tahmed faintly shine, like the remains of blue figures painted on the back of a hand.

"While I spoke thus to myself, my companions stopped their coursers by my side, and said, Perish not through despair, but act with fortitude."

Poem of Tarafa.

FROM AMRU.

O AMRU! when thou seest thy fair,
While rival eyes are closed in rest,
No human language can declare
The flame that burns within thy breast.

Then fondly round thy neck she throws
Her arms, possessed of witching powers;
Like lambs, the hue of mountain snows,
That sport among the springing flowers.

Her lovely breasts, round, smooth, and white,
Like globes of polished ivory shine;
And more, to give thy heart delight,
Are sacred from all eyes but thine.

O! from her air, her face, her form,
A thousand darts thy heart assail!
Her cheeks with orient rays are warm,
Her breath is Yemen's spicy gale.

Her hips, the hands of soft desires
Have turned with that enchanting swell;
And formed her waist, whose beauty fires
Thy soul with all love's madd'ning spell.

FROM HAFIZ.

THE dear delights of love and wine
To quit, a thousand times I swore;
In vain would I those joys resign—
I swear,—but I can do no more.

What are the bowers, celestial shades,
That lovely Houries dance among,
The sweet abodes of heavenly maids,
To that of her by Hafiz sung!

If, as 'tis said, the joys of love,
The ardent sigh, the burning kiss,
Angelick natures cannot prove,
I can't conceive what forms their bliss.

Whene'er I'd raise my heart to prayer,
 The maid, who ev'ry wish inspires,
 I feel enthroned, the idol there,
 My breast, the altar for her fires.

"I would not," said a Trobadour, "be in Paradise, but on condition of making love to her whom I adore."

We can readily excuse this extravagance in a poetick lover, whose Helen was a "goddess! nymph! perfect! divine!" but what shall we say to "grave and reverend signiors" writing in this style to each other:

"I am so assured of your salvation, that I ask no other place in Heaven than that I may have at your feet. I doubt even if Paradise would be a Paradise to me, unless it were shared with you."

Letter from the Rev. J. Fletcher to the Rev. Ch. Wesley.

IN the lines, of which the following are an imitation, we find the Oriental devotees of Bacchus singing the praises of Morning. The blushes of Aurora are seldom seen by those who bend at the shrine of "the jolly god," unless they have been up all night. It was to one of this description that MARTIAL alluded, in the following epigram:

Hesterno foetore mero qui credit Acerram
Fallitur; in lucem semper Acerra bibit.

FROM HAFIZ.

THE Morn, in fragrant roses veiled,
Advances from her eastern bowers;
And dewdrops, by her breath exhaled,
Like pearls, are scatter'd o'er the flowers.

Haste, loved companions! while around
Of Eden's plains the gale divine
Breathes from the garden's shadowy bound,
And quaff, with me, the sparkling wine.

What! at the banquet still abide,
Unconscious of the rising day!
Be quick! the gates throw open wide,
And taste the sweets that round us play.

O youth! to thy beloved fair,
Now bid profuse libations flow;
And, Derveish, let thy matin prayer,
Inspired by wine, more fervid glow.

From cheeks of an enchanting maid
Drink the intoxicating kiss;
And, ere it can thy grasp evade,
Like Hafiz seize the fleeting bliss.

FROM AMRU.

AWAKE, sweet maid! the dawn appears,
The shadows yield to its control;
And let Enderin's wine, for years
Close hoarded, fill the ample bowl.

'Tis this can cure the anxious youth
Of all his wild, fantastick fears;
The pains of slighted love can sooth,
And chase away fond passion's tears.

This makes the mean, penurious wretch,
Whose thought is centered all in self,
The helping hand to misery stretch,
Regardless of his sordid pelf.

At present, Fate is in our power;

And shall we, sighing, waste our breath,

Forgetful that the fleeting hour,

Though spent in anguish, leads to death?

FROM LEBEID.

In song, and dance, and revelry,
The blissful moments pass;
And conversation, gay and free,
Enlivened by the glass.

How oft I quaff the generous wine,
When morn's first tints appear;
And press the maid to bliss divine,
Whose lute 'tis heaven to hear!

Long ere cock-crow, or night's withdrawn,
My early draught I take;
Long ere the sleepers of the dawn
Their lethargy forsake.

And oft, when Winter howls around,
From northern regions sent,
The wildered traveller is found
Within my friendly tent.

The guest and stranger there regale,
And, pleased with mirthful hours,
Declare 'tis like Tibaala's vale,
When dressed in vernal flowers.

FROM HAFIZ.

**“HASTE, bring thy couch where roses grow,
The blushing damsels press to love;
Give, with rich wine, thy cheeks to glow,
And taste the fragrance of the grove.**

**“Strew flowers around, and call for wine;
What more canst thou from Fate demand?”
Thus spoke the nightingale divine:
What say'st thou, rose, to his command?**

**O lovely plant! in beauty's bloom,
Tell me, on whose enamoured sight
Thy flowers shall burst? Ah! say on whom
Thy smiling buds shall breathe delight?**

On her thou lov'st,—the rose had said;
But Zephyr, ere the pause it broke,
Grew jealous of my lovely maid,
And stole its breath before it spoke.

FROM AMRIOLKAIS.

O FATIMA! why, why so coy?

Dear! of thy harsh resolve repent,
Which told me ne'er to hope for joy:
Relent! O, beauteous maid, relent!

If manners, unrefined by art,
My Fatima cannot approve,
Then, cruel, rend this faithful heart,
Which, while it beats, must ever love.

And dost thou hate, because my breast
Thy heavenly charms alone could warm?
Because each wish, by thee expressed,
My soul is anxious to perform?

**Thou weepest, love!—yet only flow
Those tears to give my heart a pain;
My heart, already pierced with wo,
Already broken by disdain.**

FROM HAFIZ.

THE rose can never boast its sweet,
Without the cheek of her I love;
Nor, without wine, the cool retreat,
Where gush the fountains in the grove:

Nor walk within the fragrant bower,
Nor in the garden gives delight,
If, in the calm and pensive hour,
We miss the minstrel of the night:

Nor does the presence of a maid,
Whose lips each balmy sweet possess,
In whom is either rose displayed,
Delight, without the sweet caress.

Sweet is the place where roses grow,
And sweet is wine within the grove;
But yet, less sweet the roses' glow,
And wine, without the maid I love.

Not all the pictures art can form,
Not all that fancy can devise,
So much this am'rous bosom warm,
As rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes.

FROM HAFIZ.

FROM Diarbec, a gentle maid,
The charming Ira, while, a rover,
On Tigris' borders Morad strayed,
Despatched these stanzas to her lover.

“O youth, for whom my bosom sighs!
For whom my soul is filled with love!
Say, in thy breast what thoughts arise,
As through Eneni's fields you rove.

“Does Ira's form, to Fancy's eye,
Mix with the joys that round thee beam?
Or, faintly, does her image fly,
The shadow of a morning dream?

“ Ah! dost thou cry, when on each spray,
 The songsters warble soft and clear;
 To Morad’s ear though sweet your lay,
 ’Twould sweeter be were Ira here ?

“ When on our crowded streets they dwell,
 What objects do thy thoughts embrace ?
 The mart? thy home?—O, flatterer! tell
 That Ira’s image fills each place.

“ As Fancy looks through coming years,
 What loved companion does it form
 To add delight, when joy appears,
 Or share with thee life’s frequent storm?

“ Does Ira all thy thoughts engage,
 And make, with constancy and truth,
 The sun of thy declining age
 As cheery as thy morn of youth?

“O, say, beloved of Ira’s heart!

For whom her soul with fondness glows!

Say, shall thy love rude thorns impart?

Or fragrant blossoms, like the rose?

“Tell her—thy inmost soul declare,

Will Morad be, with Ira blest,

A balm to every earthly care,

Or thorn, the anguish of her breast?”

FROM HAFIZ.

THE tale of my enamoured heart,
And whose dear form my bosom treasures,
I shall not tell: or, but impart
To my loved harp's ecstasick measures.

As this world's sphere, where Hafiz lives,
Is round and round forever turning;
So my fond heart, for her who gives
The generous wine, is ever burning.

From one like her I cannot change;
Ah, no! my flame I cannot smother:
Or could my passion stray, 'twould range
But from one ringlet to another.

When age thy pleasures shall destroy,
Then, Hafiz, turn to sober thinking;
But now, while gay and young, enjoy
The flying hours in social drinking.

QUOTING the following common English prose translation of the Song of SOLOMON:

“MY beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away,” &c.

Dr. BEATTIE says, in a letter to Sir Wm. Forbes, “Virgil himself would not versify it, for fear of hurting its harmony; and yet, there is not the least appearance of art in its composition. I will venture to say, that the Italian language itself is not susceptible of greater sweetness.” After such a declaration, from so correct and elegant a scholar, I fear my attempt will have the appearance of no small temerity. As the learned J. M.

Good has given an entire translation, I thought it prudent to confine myself to a few of the simplest stanzas.

FROM SOLOMON.

WHAT musick was it to my ear,
When thus did my beloved say:
“Awake! arise, my gentle dear!
Arise, my love, and come away!

“For, lo! the wintry clouds are past,
The tempests all away are flown,
The chilling winds no longer last,
The rain is over, too, and gone.

**“All nature now incites to love,
The flowers display their gayest hue,
The songsters warble in the grove—
Hark, how the amorous turtles coo!**

**“Now, while the budding figs appear,
And round the grape rich perfumes play,
Awake! arise, my gentle dear!
Arise, my love, and come away!”**

FROM SOLOMON.

O, CLASP me in thy close embrace,
And press those balmy lips to mine;
Thy love, dear youth of matchless grace!
Thy love is sweeter, far, than wine.

Though o'er my slender form the sun
Has all his fiercest radiance thrown,
What youth my proffered love would shun?
What maid my beauty will not own?

More sweet than myrrh, when zephyrs spread
Its perfumes, as they, wanton, fly;
O quickly come! and let thy head
All night upon my bosom lie.

What youth shall e'er to thee compare?

Whose charms shall vie with thine, my
love?

Thy skin excels the lily fair,

Thine eyes, the mildness of the dove.

O, come then! come, in all thy charms,

By thousand softest wishes led;

O, come! and clasp me in thy arms,

Where green and mossy is our bed!

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris amarus:

Laeta venire Venus, tristis abire solet.

JOANNES AUDOENUS.

SWEETLY the day-dreams on our senses steal,
 When first are felt the throbs of infant
 love;

The mind how vivid! how tumultuous rove
 The charmed thoughts!—'tis paradise to feel.
 As Fancy draws the curtain, melting kind,
 Her humid eyes half closed, on flowers re-
 clined,

The maid appears; love's rich and roseate
 dye

Glow on her cheek; the while a strug-
 gling sigh,

Voluptuous, breathes its witchery to the wind.

But, ah! how changed, when from the sick-
'ning breast

Love speeds his flight, and leaves it unin-
spired!

Where are those beauties which the senses
fired?

All fled—their radiance lost. Dark clouds
invest

That Fancy, which, of late, so wildly strayed,
And in the image of the angel-maid

Beheld whatever perfect is, or rare:

While, for a smiling Venus, heavenly fair,
Now fell Disgust, a gorgon, stands displayed.

Her *humid* eyes, &c.]

Umidi occhi is a frequent term of the
Italian poets, to express the eyes “that speak

the melting soul;" or, as ETRUSCUS has it, *oculi tremulo fulgore micantes*. COLLINS says, with great beauty, "eyes of dewy light." Every lover knows how fancy delights to riot on the charms of an absent mistress. The poet JAYADEVA, whose songs, like those of SOLOMON, are supposed to have a mystical allusion, makes MADHAVA exclaim: "I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the ravishing glances of her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech; yet even my fixed meditation on such an assemblage of charms, increases, instead of alleviating, the misery of separation."

See Sir Wm. Jones's Works.

EPIGRAM.

EDWARD, of late, so gay and free,
You sang to love full many a glee,
Nor e'er from pleasure tarried;
Now altered quite, the form of wo!
"My dearest friend! do you not know
That I am—I am—*married?*"

The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate.

ADDISON.

NED loved his Kitty passing well,
 And tried all likely means to move her;
 Sighed, swore, and prayed—what I can't tell;
 But as is usual with a lover.

“The ways of Heaven are dark,” ’tis said:
 Speak ye who rue the sad condition
 To which your ill-judged prayers led,
 When Heaven granted your petition.

Alas, poor Ned! grown wise too late,
 So far the tragick-farce he carried,
 He found Heaven's vengeance in his fate;
 For Kitty smiled, and he—*got married*.

EPIGRAM,**FROM DU BELLAY.**

Paule, tuum inscribis nugarum nomine librum; &c.

**PAUL, 'twas a modest name you took;
You call it "Trifles"—yet, not quite ill;
For, by my truth, in all your book
There's nothing better than its title.**

FROM CORDERIUS LEPIDUS.

ON A MARBLE STATUE OF VENUS.

Nescio cur Venerem meretricem carmina dicant; &c.

I KNOW not why some bards will scold,
 And call thee, Venus, bold and free;
 I'm sure thou art almost as cold
 And dull as e'en *their rhymes* can be.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN AT NIAGARA.

WHATE'ER I've been told of thy wonders
is true!

All nature at once seems to rush on my view ;
And lost, in the trance you occasion, I cry,
How stupendous the scene! what an atom
am I!

How thy waves, wildly foaming, and hurled
around,
Rise in volumes of mist from thy caldron
profound!

While in tears, which thy fury has caused,
 brightly plays
The rainbow that dazzles my sight with its
 rays!

Like the tyrant of Europe, whose merciless
 force
Bears down ev'ry mound which opposes
 his course;
While the halo, whose glory encircles his
 head,
Is formed by the tears which the wretched
 have shed.

O, who should not rather all glory forego,
Than gain it by battle, and bloodshed, and
 wo!

O, who would not rather inhabit the vale,
Than dwell on the Andes, the sport of each
gale!

Near Etna I've strayed, with impressions
most sweet,
Through vineyards encircling with verdure
its feet;
But felt not the least inclination to tread
On the ashes which cover its cloud-piercing
head.

And though with sensations I ne'er knew
before,
I bend me, enraptured, to list to thy roar,
And, as thy blue streams irresistibly roll,
Feel the awe most sublime which possesses
my soul.

Yet I would not, for worlds, that my life
were like thee!

No, far be each thought of such tumult from
me!

Far, far be each wish that ambition might
form

To dwell in the horror and roar of the
storm!

Let me, cool and clear, glide on, free from
all taint,

Dispensing relief to the weary and faint;
No torrent that bursts to affright or amaze;
But the smooth, gentle stream through the
valley that strays.

M. ANT. FLAMINIUS, in his Hymn to Aurora, thus quaintly expresses the displeasure of a lover at the returning light:

Ast amans charae thalamum puellae
Deserit flens, et tibi verba dicit
Aspera, amplexu tenerae cupito a-
vulsus amicae.

We are told, by one eminently possessed of the *mens divini*or, that "the sound should be an echo to the sense:" what a fine sobbing there is in

a-
vulsus amicae!

It is impossible to read it without gasping for breath. The following lines, from the

BASIA of that most incurable of all the
Latin amatory poets, **SECUNDUS**, are not
 much better:

*Quare, cum flagrantissima jungis
 Oscula, de thalamo cogor abire tuo!*

PARAPHRASED.

THE day appears! awake, awake!
 The red beams in the east arise;
 One sweet embrace, O quickly take,
 Ere from thy arms thy lover flies!

And can I—no, I cannot go!
 I cannot quit this heaven of love;
 A heaven which they alone shall know,
 Whose hearts the fondest passions prove.

Yet I must go, or hear thy name

Profaned by every venom'd tongue;

Hear those who would thy charms defame,

All, all combined to do thee wrong.

Adieu!—one kiss—surely no heart

Was ever half so fond, so true!

Another kiss before we part,—

One other kiss, and then adieu!

FROM JOANNES AURATUS.

Fœmina, dulce malum, horis opportuna duabus, &c.

O WOMAN! though some cynick lays
Your power and beauty may dispraise,
What husband owns not the delight
With which you crowned the bridal night?
What widower owns not your charms,
When death withdrew you from his arms?
Sweet evil! you, at least, claim this,
Twice in our life to give us bliss.

POETS, who seldom possess riches, generally affect a sovereign contempt of them. If they happen to be in love—and Venus is an intimate acquaintance of those chaste sisters, the Muses—the sigh is always for the charmer and a cot. The language of TIBULLUS is common to the whole tribe:

Sit mihi paupertas tecum, jucunda Neaera;
At sine te, regum munera nulla volo.

But it is not wonderful that they despise the trifling pleasures which wealth can procure, when a bard shall think, that heaven has exhausted all its stores to form the countless charms, which he beholds in the object of his adoration; and, addressing

“his soul’s regent,” cries, in a rhapsody
of passion,

“There’s in you all that we believe of heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.”

If all this were true, he might add,

Qui basiat semi-deus est,
Qui te potitur, est deus !

But I, who cannot pretend to any poetick inspiration, and think “no rat is rhymed to death, nor maid to love,” am disposed to believe, that they sometimes speed best, who

“Pierce the soft lab’rinth of a lady’s ear,
“With rhymes of this *per cent*, and that *per year* ;”

although the declaration of their passion
be as abrupt and unpoetick as that of

APOLLO himself to his mistress Leucothoe:
Mihi crede, places. Nevertheless, in accordance with the general sentiment, so favourable to the poetasters of the day, I have written the following Song, which may, with great propriety, be inserted in almost any modern English Opera.

SUCH passion in my bosom grew,
 When first sweet Celia met my view,
 That, by its tenderness oppressed,
 In vain I sought my wonted rest:

But now, no sighs
 From fear arise,
 No more those pains I prove;

O, blissful state,
 With such a mate!
 For Celia owns her love.

'Tis true, no wealthy stores are mine;
 To others I those joys resign:
 With Celia fair to grace my cot,
 Content shall ever be my lot.

At morning gay,

At setting day,

We'll still new raptures prove;

And heaven shall see

None blest as we,

While Celia owns her love.

It must be acknowledged, that these
 snivelling Arcadians are more innocent in
 their conceptions, than the amatory poetick
 gentlemen, who publish to the world all the
 suggestions of the most wanton emotions.
 It is in vain we shall be told, that although

their poems are licentious, yet their lives were chaste. I think with MURETUS:

Quisquis versibus exprimit Catullum,
Raro moribus exprimit Catonem.

But it is not to be expected, in this weak state of mortality, that the best of us shall be immaculate; and SHAKSPEARE makes an excellent apology for their frailties:

Where is that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

Their crime is not so much in having experienced those sensations, as in writing and publishing them.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

'Twas morn: no prying eyes were near;
Yet the rich rose upon her cheek
Was stained with many a gushing tear,
And to my conscious heart did speak
A tale of mingled love and fear.

The dewdrops of the matin hour
Disperse before the rising day;
And to her tears, a pearly shower,
Love was the sun, whose potent ray
Exhaled their moisture from the flower.

IN looking over a collection of English poetry of the last year, published in London, I observed, with some surprise, a number of sheep carelessly feeding, shepherdesses reclining in the shade, and shepherds "teaching their pipes" the names of their mistresses; and all this in the most bewitching doric simplicity of eight, nine, and ten syllable lines, sparsim; or, as we very aptly translate it, helter-skelter. For my part, I must confess, that I listen with very little pleasure to those sons of THEOCRITUS,

"Who with their smooth pipe, and soft-dittied song,
Well know to still the wild winds when they roar,
And hush the waving woods;"

and even think, that there is as much pro-

priety in Lingo's "cooing kids, capering doves, verdant skies, and azure plains," as in the following passages of VIRGIL:

Si formosus Alexis

Montibus his abeat, videas et flumina sicca.

*Phyllidis adventu nostrae, nemus omne virebit,
Jupiter et lacto descendet plurimus imbri.*

*Pastorum musam Damonis et Alpheisiboei,
Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca
Certantes, quorum stupefactae carmine lynces,
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

POLITIAN offers an example of pastoral sensibility, which may be imitated by any poet, who would represent a shepherd bewailing the loss of his mistress:

*Flet vitulam moesta absentem mugitibus altis
Mater, et immensam raucis miseranda querelis
Sylvam implet; boat omne nemus, vallesque, lacusque.*

There is nothing to be done, but to meta-

morphose the calf into Phyllis, and its mother into Thyrsis, and we shall have an excellent pastoral. Should tears be wanted, DAN. HEINSIUS can furnish them in any quantity; for example:

*Flebant, et lacrymis ingentibus ora rigabant,
Flebant et populi, flebant armenta gregesque.*

What rivers must have been shed on this melancholy occasion!

You know it is expected that nature shall be always ready to sympathise with a desponding shepherd. Phyllis gets a fit of the sullens, and immediately, as a matter of course,

*Sylva neget glandes, et Bacchi munera colles,
Torreat arva sitis, scabies pecus, atra magistros
Pestis, &c.*

Phyllis, who, it is to be understood, possesses such charms that

“A withered hermit, five score winters worn,

“Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye,”

is not supposed to be of a very cruel disposition, and affects it merely to give her swain an opportunity of calling on the rocks and streams to bear witness to his woes, at last relents; perhaps, to produce this effect, he has told her that he will immediately fall desperately in love with Neaera, or Lydia, or Chloe, or any other lady whom he shall choose for the liquid sweetness of her name; perhaps, he has threatened to drown himself, (for, I believe, hanging and cutting their own throats were not fashionable modes of death among the Arcadians,)

or, at least, given some distant hints of such an intention, at the same time calling names with almost as much volubility as the widow of SICHÆUS bestowed them upon the pious prince :

Si tibi dulce mei nihil est, ô ferrea, vere
 Ferrea, dulce tamen mea mors erit.

GROTIUS.

Whatever be the reason of the change, she ought, by all means, to be kind at the conclusion, (for I hate all tragick conclusions) and immediately every thing wheels round with her :

Glande nemus, foetu pecus, (a good thing that for the
 shepherd) uva vitis abundet,
 Pluraque perspicuis manet de fontibus unda,
 Pabula dent campi, sylvae pastoribus umbras
 Sub quibus arguta carmen modulentur avena.

BUCHANAN.

Not only the fields, but the floods are favourable to the tender passion, if we credit **SANNAZARIUS**, whose lovers, in his piscatory eclogues, are made to speak very much in character:

Chromis. Dat Rhombos Sinuessa; Dicarchi littora Tagros;
Herculeae Mullum rupes; Synodontas Amalphis;
Parthenope teneris scatet ambitiosa puellis;
Quis mihi nunc alias scrutari suadeat algas?

Iolas. In fluviis Mugil versatur; Sargus in herbis;
Polypus in scopulis: mediis Melanurus in undis:
Ante tuas, mea Nisa, fores ego semper oberro.
Quae mihi det tales jucundior insula portus?

And **HUGO GROTIUS**, in a Nautical Idyll, addresses his mistress as if he were an oysterman:

Saepe etiam, serâ quoties sub nocte venirem,
Siccâsti aequoreis manentes imbribus artus:
Nec te poeniteat, prius hoc quoque fecerat Hero,

Cujus ego et turrim Sestaeo in littore vidi,
Nataque collegi vicinis ostrea saxis.

Indeed, there is no good reason why oystermen should not be permitted to fall in love, as well as shepherds. Flocks, and herds, and meadows, and flowers, are not more interesting than grottos, and corals, and sponges, and oysters. Venus herself, as the poets tell us, derived her birth from the ocean, and she is frequently represented reclining in the shell of some sea-fish; and CATULLUS, in his ode *ad hortorum Deum*, mentions that amorous deity in such a way, as to lead us to suppose he had no particular objection to their worship.

Nam te praecipuè in suis urbibus colit ora
Hellespontia, caeteris *ostreosior* oris.

But all this scribbling is merely to intro-

duce my attempt, in the true style of sheep-
ish simplicity, at

A PATHETICK PASTORAL.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherd's look,
And thus he plained.

SPENSER.

How I burn in the pangs of despair,
Which Zephyrus never can cool;
For Phyllis, ah, too cruel fair!
False Phyllis declares I'm a fool!

Yet this I could suffer unmoved,
If Phyllis but kindly would look;
If she softly would whisper she loved,
I'd lose both my pipe and my crook.¹

Ah, me! while her heart's such a rock,
 For swains with their pipes, a whole throng,
 And for goat-footed Pans, a whole flock,
 I'd not give, ye shepherds, a song.²

Yet why should my Phyllis despise
 My features, and sneer at my woes?
 When Bacchus himself has blear eyes;
 And Phoebus a carbuncled nose.³

Ah, why should the nymph who enslaves
 My heart, be thus deaf to my moans!
 She heeds not, though rocks, woods, and caves
 I tire, half to death, with my groans.⁴

Have I not, as a shepherd became,
 Declared to that dearest of dears,
 That my bosom is all in a flame,
 Which I cannot put out with my tears!⁵

Have I not cried O dear! and alas!

As often as any swain could do?

And said that my sheep left their grass,

When she would not smile as she should do?

Have I not said that life was a dream;

Which scarcely could last till tomorrow?

Have I not said the sweet purling stream,

Jove, naiads, and flocks shared my sorrow?⁶

Have I not said my heart by her eyes

Was mangled and torn till it bled?

And although she might still hear my sighs,

I was truly and honestly dead?⁷

That wolves, at her song, grow quite tame?

That rivers flow back to their sources?

That no forest or rock you can name

But rejoices whene'er she discourses?⁸

From our fields when the maiden once fled,

Could lilies grow darker than ours?

Can a rose in her absence be red?

Or a perfume exhale from the flowers?⁹

O should fate take Phyllis, alack!

How the mountains would weep! day would
quit her

Abode in the sky! white be black!

And the sweetest of sweets become bitter!¹⁰

IMITATIONS.

- ¹ May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

SHENSTONE.

- ² Nec me pastorum recreant solamina, nec me
Fistula —

Nec quae capripedes modulantur carmina Panes.

BUCHANAN.

³ Dicite cur nostros Nymphæ fugatis amores:

Quid Faunus, quo sic despiciatur, habet?

Cornua si mihi sunt, sunt et sua cornua Baccho:

Ignæ si frons est, an non frons ignea Phœbo est?

P. BEMBUS.

⁴ ——— Quanto moerore fatigat

Omne nemus, longisque implet cava saxa querelis!

PET. FRANCISUS.

——— Deserta querelis

Antra meis, sylvasque et conscia saxa fatigo.

BUCHANAN.

Nunc vox, flebilibus quæ semper maesta querelis

Desertos scopulos, deviaque antra colis.

A. NAUGERIUS.

⁵ ——— Meos restinguam fictibus ignes.

FRANCISUS.

⁶ Soft as she mourned, the streams forgot to flow,

The flocks around a dumb compassion show,

The Naiads wept in ev'ry watry bower,

And Jove descended in a silent shower.

POPE'S *Pastorals*.

But it is with the greatest reverence that I
 approach this high priest of the Muses.

7 ——— Post funera, noster
 Vivet amor.

FRANCIVS.

8 Feras canendo mulceant:
 Fluenta vertant in caput,
 Et saxa cum sylvis trahant.

9 Te sine, vae misero mihi, lilia nigra videntur,
 Pallentesque rosae, nec dulce rubens hyacinthus;
 Nullos nec myrtus, nec laurus spirat odores.

M. AURELIUS NEMESIANVS.

10 Alconem postquam rapuerunt impia fata,
 Collacrimant duri montes, et consitus atra est
 Nocte dies, sunt candida nigra, et dulcia amara.

BALT. CASTILIONE.

As the English shepherds of the present
 day are but indifferent companions, I have
 preferred sauntering with some of the Latin

ones among the groaning rocks, and weeping mountains, with which their rural scenes are so abundantly ornamented. In the foregoing pages, I have quoted an example of false taste from POLITIAN. It is, however, but justice to declare, that I think he has many passages that combine the sweetest poetry with the chastest delineations of nature. In those lounging moods, when we have turned over, with so much amusement, the pages of modern latinity, POLITIAN was generally a favourite; but I would point out to you, in a particular manner, the picture in the following lines. Their versification is so peculiarly melodious to my ear, that I almost fancy I can hear the moaning of the dove, for the loss of its mate, the babbling of the rill among the

pebbles, and the sighing sound of the zephyr, as it breathes through leaves of pine and cypress.

— Medio dum Phoebus in axe est,
 Dum gemit ereptâ viduatus compare turtur,
 Dum sua torquati recinunt dictata palumbes.
 Hic resonat blando tibi pinus amata susurro;
 Hic vaga coniferis insibilat aura cupressis;
 Hic scatebris salit, et bullantibus incita venis
 Pura coloratos interstrepit unda lapillos;
 Hic tua vicinis ludit lasciva sub umbris,
 Jamdudum nostri captatrix carminis, Echo.

It is very surprising, that he, who could describe the sylvan life so beautifully, because so naturally, as

Dant ignem extrictum silices; dant flumina nectar
 Hausta manu; dat ager cererem: non caseus, aut lac
 Lucorumve dapes absunt; stat rupibus ilex
 Mella ferens trunco, plenoque cacumine glandem.
 Illi sunt animo rupes, frondolaque tesqua,

**Et specus, et gelidi fontes, et roscida tempe,
Vallesque, zephyrique, et carmina densa volucrum.**

should be capable of adding

**Et Nymphae, et Fauni, et capripedes Satyrisci,
Panque rubens, et fronte cupressiferâ Sylvanus,
Silenique senes, &c.**

THE following lines were, playfully, intended as a parody on certain "Reflections" of our friend E: but I believe my attempt has been unsuccessful; for, on reading them again, I am perfectly at a loss to tell whether they are of a grave or gay aspect. H*** says my parody is extremely silly, and that you had better throw it into the fire. Print it, or not, as you please. I have altered some passages, and added to their sobriety; which was easily done. If you wish your piece to be doleful, you have only to write it on a rainy day; or at midnight, with a single taper burning before you. E, for one who is so well calculated to be the ornament of society, is singularly addicted to sombre "Reflections in Solitude." Some

wag, speaking of a celebrated British artist, says he eats raw beef to procure indigestion, that he may have horrible dreams, from which he catches the hints for his terrific paintings. One would suppose, that Lewis had tried this diet for his ghost and hobgoblin stories. In defiance of H's opinion, I really think that my parody would do very well for any desponding swain, that might choose in blank verse to make

the weeping rill
Join in his plaint, melodious.

WITH what a feverish mind do I behold
This spot, that witnessed oft as pure a love
As ever dwelt within a mortal breast;
When she, the dear companion of my walks,

At whose appearance Nature seemed to
breathe

New fragrance round, and wear her sweet-
est smiles,

Would point each beauty to my raptured
view!

Would bid me mark how white the haw-
thorn flowers;

What verdure decked the lawn beneath our
feet;

How gay the poplars, and, amidst their
green,

How pensive did the cedar's hues appear;

With what a majesty the setting sun

Cast his mild radiance on the winding
stream,

Whose scarcely-ruffled breast inverted
showed

The various trees that on its borders grew,
 And each light cloud that high in ether
 sailed:

How sweet the robin trilled his amorous lay;
 How soft the wood-dove cooed unto her mate.
 And then, when she has caught my wan-
 dering eyes,

Turned from the charms which Nature
 spread around,

To gaze on those a thousand times more
 dear,

How has she hid her face upon my breast,
 And said she ne'er should make me nature's
 lover!

Ah! who could see her, and not nature love?

Oh, she could bend me to her every will,
 My soul's emotions all were in her power:
 And yet, so gently did she bear her sway,

She never formed a wish that was not mine.

I have known many, whom the thought-
less world

Would call more fair, more beautiful than
she;

But never have my eyes beheld the face
Which more expressed that evenness of soul,
That meek, sweet temper, which is ever
pleased

When it can give delight; that mind, in-
formed

By reason's precepts, candid and sincere;
That breast by every gentle passion swayed,
The throne of virtue, innocence and truth;
And all those mental charms, by which the
sex

Can make this world a paradise to man.

I oft have looked upon her angel eyes,

To see sweet fancy sporting in their beams;
 Have looked, until unutterable love
 Has called the tear of transport to my own.
 I could not help it—I ne'er think on her,
 But what my eyes are truants to my will,
 And play the infant—

Here we strayed.

How strongly memory paints upon my heart
 That dear, dear glance, which first betray-
 ed her love!

How widely different was her love from
 mine!

For though with such a warmth her bosom
 glowed,

That she has often told me she could die,
 If that would but ensure my happiness;
 Yet was it mild as is the solar ray,
 In that soft season, when the plastick hand

Of Nature moulds, for Amalthea's horn,
 Her embryo fruits, and scatters wild her
 flowers.

Mine was the ardour of the mid-day blaze,
 When on the torrid regions Phoebus pours
 His fervid beams, and nature burns around.

Here I have plucked the wild flowers for
 her breast,

And thought the simple blossom of the thorn,
 Placed there, more lovely than the garden
 rose,

And sweeter than the violet of the vale.

Yet—why I know not—I have sometimes
 felt

As if those flowers should not be suffered
 there;

They might from her loved bosom steal its
 snows,

Or rob her balmy breath of half its sweets;
 And I have taken them, unknown to her,
 And torn their leaves, and strewed them in
 our walks.

And once—such fancies fill a lover's brain!
 Alas, that e'er their warning should be true!
 I thought I heard a dying flowret say,
 “Beware, rash youth! those gusts of pas-
 sion rule;
 Torn from her breast, my fate may yet be
 thine!”

H. asks, how “those flowers could steal
 the snows from her loved bosom, or rob her
 balmy breath of half its sweets?” I quoted
 “The forward violet,” &c. of SHAKSPEARE:
 not that I thought either rhyme or reason
 necessary.

RONDEAU.

ALAS! my friend, said Bob to Joe,
While gloom sat heavy on his brow,
You bid me mock the fiend of wo,
And look as gay as you do now:
But when the demon rules the hour,
What can the sinking heart defend?
What bid defiance to his power?—
Said Joe to Bob—a LASS, my friend.

THE tortures and groans of Italian lovers are never expressed in our rude and inharmonious manner. Particular care is taken to make a dying swain utter his woes in

“many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn-out.”

The original of the following lines, I met with in a canzonetta, composed, *con affetto*, by PAESIELLO. I have taken the liberty of altering the measure, in order to give it a wildness and irregularity, which, I dare say, would have wounded the author's ear in no small degree.

SPEAK not of her—

O speak not of her virtues, whose control

I felt that time, when, by a stern command,
While all the storm of passion racked my soul,
I saw her forced to quit her native land!
Torn from my arms—still, still that scene
I view!—
While Honour's voice forbids me to pursue,
Speak not of her!

Did I not live—
Did I not live though love and beauty fled?
For they dwell in her eyes, and she is
flown;
Though Fate her wrath exhausted on my
head,
And Reason, sometimes, almost left her
throne?

Go, go!—fear not my wildness—go, and
let

Me rove unwatched!—did she not go? and
yet

Did I not live?

EPIGRAM.

Debetur canis reverentia sancta capillis,
Debetur capiti, Calve, quid ergo tuo?

JOAN. PET. LOTICHIUS.

“A REVERENCE to gray hair is due”—
That, I confess, is very true;
But how shall reverence e'er be shown
Your hair, dear fellow, who have none?

THE RUNAWAY CUPID.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE ITALIAN.

O QUEEN of ev'ry wild desire,
Which can the enamoured bosom fire;
Whose incense is a lover's sighs,
And hearts the altars which you prize;
'Tis said, that, rambling in his play,
Your roguish son has gone astray,
And one sweet kiss he shall obtain,
Who brings the wanton back again.
Then, goddess of each soft delight,
Lament no longer for his flight;

Not distant shall thy suppliant rove
To find the little wanderer, Love:
Oh no!—but, come, the kiss impart,
For, see, I have him—*in my heart.*

FROM BUCHANAN'S SYLVAE.

Nec mihi quae tenebris condit nox omnia, &c.

OFt to my heart the fairy sprite,
Recalls the scenes of past delight;
And bids me view, entranced, the while,
Thy radiant eye, and heavenly smile.

But soon, alas! the vision dies,
Each airy form of transport flies,
And thou, e'en thou, O lovely fair!
Leav'st me to anguish and despair.

THE commentators have supposed, that under the image of a ship, HORACE meant the Republic; and that the fourteenth ode of his first book, was a protest against a war into which his country appeared to be entering, when in a situation very unprepared for the contest. I have attempted an imitation.

O SHIP! what newly veering gale,
 What sudden breakers thus assail,
 And all your timbers shock?¹
 Why tempt, a wreck, the stormy main?²
 Come, helm a lee! about again,
 And keep within your dock.³

Behold your sails, not half unbent,
 Your spars by *southern tempests* rent,
 And all things out of places:⁴
 And yet, you thus would brave the seas!
 Too frail to bear a mackerel breeze,
 Without new stays and braces.⁵

Your canvass see, a fluttering rag,⁶
 Hangs as neglected as that flag,
 Which waved when dangers tried you.
 No pilots now their aid to lend,
 On whom, alas! can you depend
 'Mongst rocks and shoals to guide you.⁷

Your timbers, once the dock-yard's boast,
 Are now unfit to leave the coast,
 In idleness worm-eaten.⁸

The wary sailor ne'er relies
 On painted sides.⁹ O yet be wise,
 Weigh not, thus weather-beaten!¹⁰

Source of my pain, my toil, my care,¹¹
 For whom still love enough I bear
 To make a patriot frantick;¹²
 May'st thou—the gods my wish inspire—
 May'st thou escape the tempests dire,
 That howl o'er the Atlantick.¹³

¹ O navis, referent in mare te novi
 Fluctus?—² O quid agis?—³ Fortiter occupa
 Portum.—⁴ Nonne vides, ut
 Nudum remigio latus,
 Et malus celeri saucius Africo,
 Antennaeque gemant?—⁵ ac sine funibus
 Vix durare carinae
 Possint imperiosius

Aequor?—⁶ Non tibi sunt integra lintea:

⁷ Non Dî, quos iterum pressa voces malo.

⁸ Quamvis Pontica pinus,

Silvae filia nobilis,

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile;

⁹ Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus

Fidit :—¹⁰ tu, nisi ventis

Debes ludibrium, cave.

¹¹ Nuper sollicitum quae mihi taedium,

¹² Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,

¹³ Interfusa nitentes

Vites aequora Cycladas.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

SCENES of delight! where many a day
Has passed on rapid pinions by,
Why turn I from your charms away,
Or view them only with a sigh?

Why have ye lost for me those joys,
That once were to my heart so dear,
When from a crowded city's noise
I brought a hermit's feelings here?

**Ye are the same:—as green your trees,
As richly do your blossoms glow,
As sweet a fragrance fills your breeze,
As pure your winding rivers flow.**

**Yet I—how changed a heart is mine!
I heedless of your beauties rove,
While doomed, at distance doomed to pine
From her whose smile is life and love.**



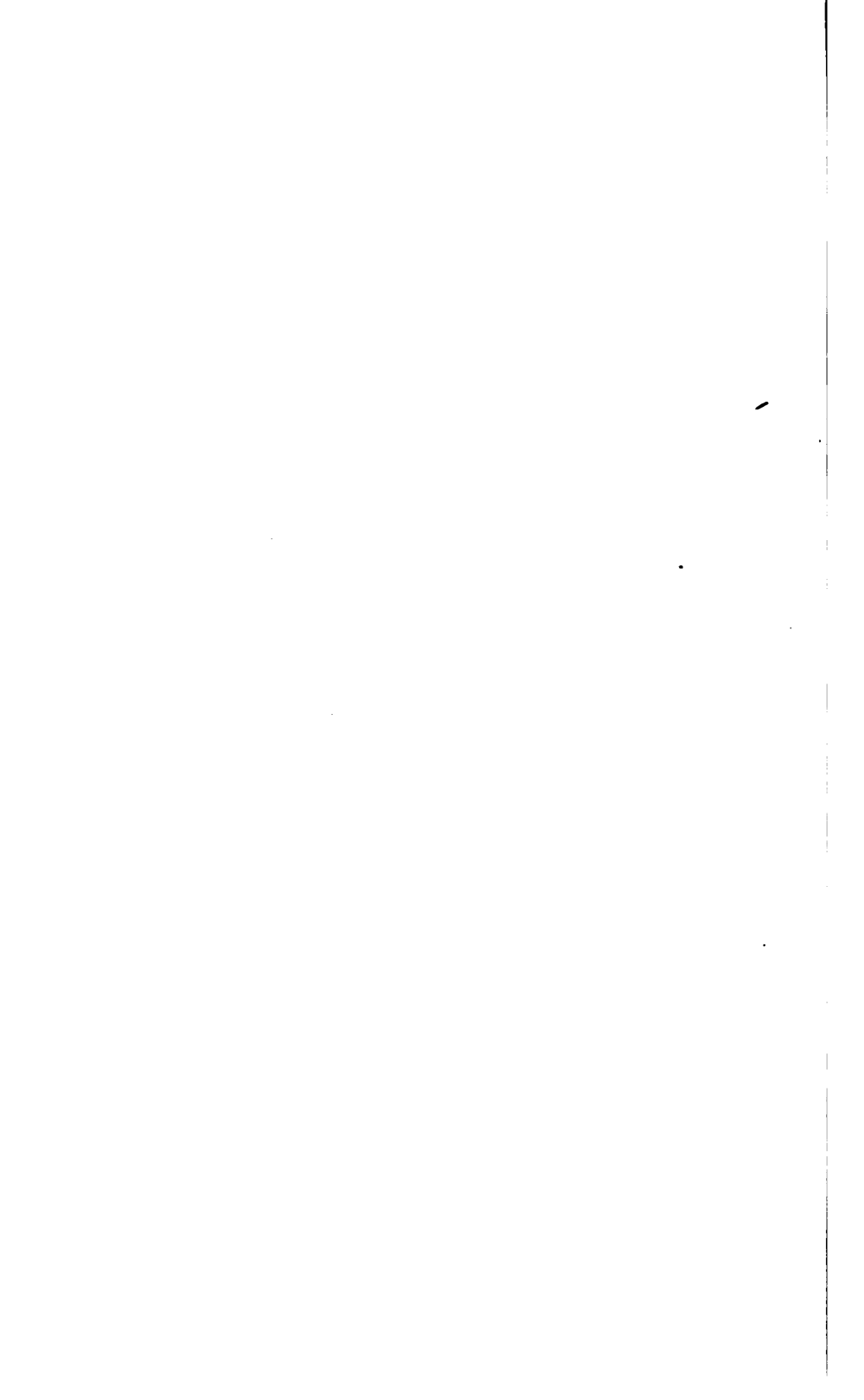
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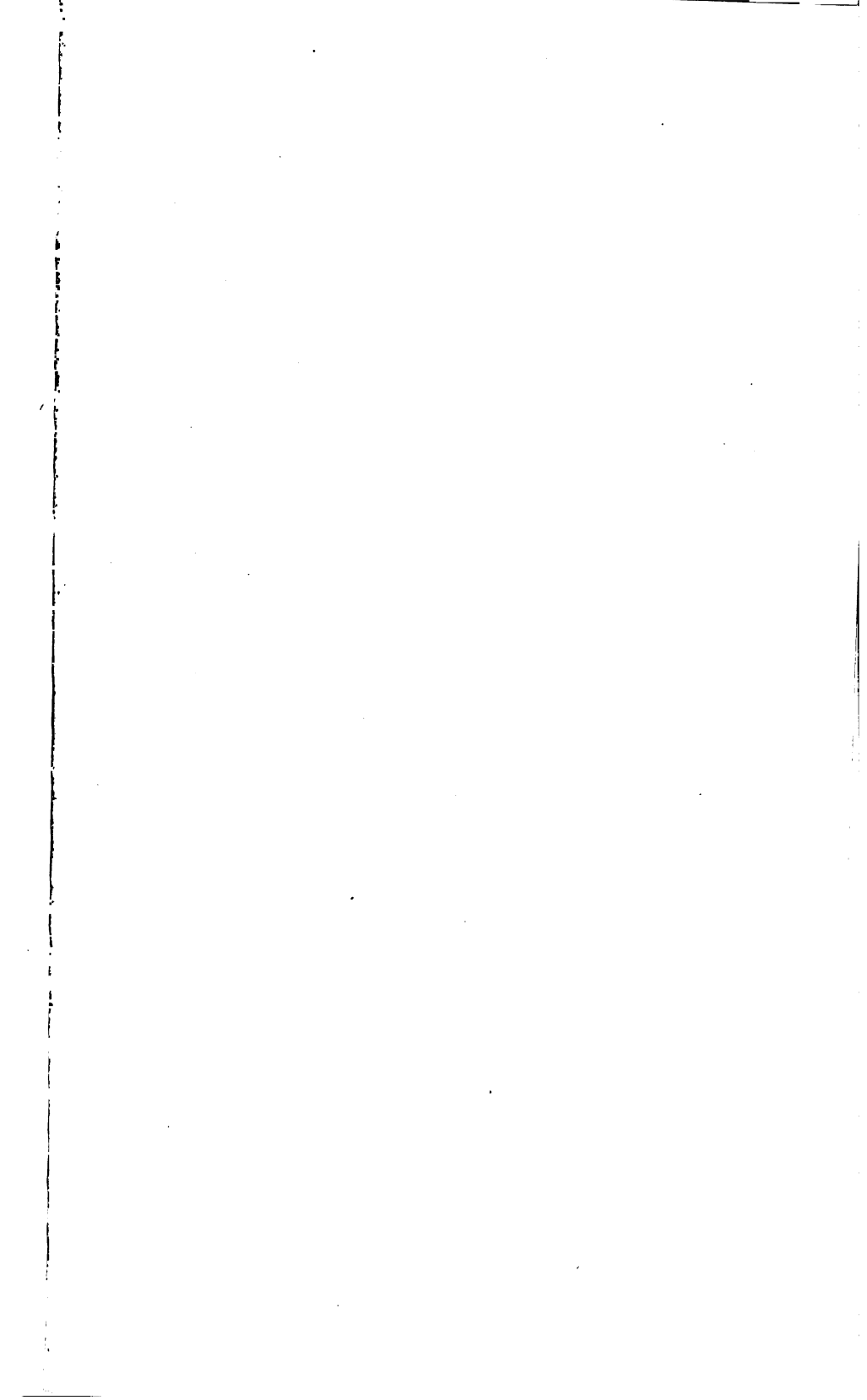
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